

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

*A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs*



The Significance of State Education

The United Farmers of Alberta

Another Great Canadian Book

The Depression Ends

J. W. Dafoe



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## THE CANADIAN FORUM

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# THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XIII

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1932

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## RESULTS OF THE CONFERENCE

UNTIL the Federal parliament opens on October 6th and the tariff revisions which are to be made as a result of the new trade agreement between Great Britain and Canada are placed before the House, it is not possible to draw up any satisfactory balance sheet which would show just how much, or how little, was achieved at the Imperial Economic Conference. Even when the new schedule is made public—when a few of the upper bricks of our towering tariff wall have been dismantled in one place and re-assembled in another—it is probable that only tentative and conditional conclusions can be drawn as to the result of these changes upon Empire trade. Only when the trade figures for the coming year are available will we discover if any appreciable quantity of goods have been diverted into Empire channels. The actual volume of trade between the Dominions and Great Britain may contract or expand—without proving anything—as a result of world economic conditions, but the actual success or failure of the Conference will be shown by the increase or decrease in the percentage of Empire trade as compared with the ratio of Empire trade with the rest of the world. As things stand at present, the most outstanding result of the Conference is the disillusionment of all those who expected great things to be conjured out of the hat at Ottawa. With the exception of the politicians who took part in the performance, and are obliged to keep up some show of complacency to save their face, and the newspapers that acted as press-agents for the gathering, there has been pretty general disappointment, both with the meagre issue of the Conference, and with the clear revelation of the divergent economic interests of the different parts of the Empire, which makes any effective co-operation impossible at present. Part of the popular Canadian press still attempts to maintain the illusion that an imperial millennium was ushered in at Ottawa in August, but our financial papers are rather more realistic. *The Financial Post*, in its issue of August 20th, gave expression to the attitude of the Canadian man of business in very plain words:—

It has been a valuable and necessary Congress of Commonwealth countries but the Empire would probably break up under the strain of a succession of similar conferences. If the Empire can survive this conference it can survive anything—except another conference like it.

## THE DUFF REPORT

JUST as we go to press, news comes that the Duff report on Canadian railways is about to be submitted to the Cabinet. It would be unwise to pronounce dogmatically on its provisions without an opportunity to study the document in full, but the press summary prepares one to take the view that the Commissioners have done an honest and capable bit of work in the face of a difficult and complex problem. The actual effect of their recommendations will depend to a considerable extent on the final form taken by the legislation which must implement these provisions. Of chief benefit will be the reorganization of the capitalization of the C.N.R.—a step long overdue, and against which there can be no valid argument. The establishment of a supreme arbitral board is also a badly needed step, and one hopes that the safeguards intended to secure a non-partisan body will prove effective. Here the vital question is the extent of the powers which will be given to the Board. They are described as 'dictatorial,' but whether this applies equally to both railways remains to be seen. If they do, it will be an admirable advance in the principle of public control. If, on the other hand, their task becomes chiefly that of curtailing expenditure by the C.N.R. without reference to its comparative position with the rival road, it may prove a grave threat to the system of public ownership. A still graver threat lies in the idea of a five-year test for the National system, with the implied possibility of its abandonment at the end of that period. However sound in theory, this will in practice lead to a persistent effort to undermine the public system, both in its actual working and in the minds of the public, by its opponents during the next few years. Supporters of public ownership must realize that the battle is once more opened, and that a sturdy defence must be put up if the country is to avert the growing threat of monopolistic control.

## THE NATIONAL RAILWAYS

IF the recommendations of the Duff Commission on Transportation, in this respect, are adopted by the government it will mean the end of the Canadian National Railway as an independent organization. While it is true that no immediate amalgamation of the privately-owned and public railways is proposed, the public lines will, in



effect, become subsidiaries of the Canadian Pacific. The 'relentless economy' in the operation of the C.N.R. will mean in practice that where there is any serious competition between the two lines the C.N. will gracefully withdraw. The majority of the members of the Duff Commission were opposed to 'government ownership' on principle, and as the report was unanimous, it may be assumed that this solution of the Canadian railways problem is entirely acceptable to Big Business and will therefore meet with the approval of the government at Ottawa. An open attack on the principle of Government Ownership by a Conservative government might have unfortunate results at the next general election, but sapping and mining operations can be carried on in a piecemeal fashion over a term of years without attracting too much public attention. This technique is completely in line with the new diplomacy which is being employed all over the world today with marked success. It was exhibited, in its most finished form, in the Japanese attack on Shanghai and the occupation of Manchuria. Japan could not go to war with China, because both nations were members of the League of Nations and had formally renounced war. Nor could she openly carry out the annexation of Manchuria, because she had guaranteed the integrity of that province as part of China. All that Japan could do was to send her army, navy, and air force to bombard Shanghai without any declaration of war, and to set up a puppet government in Manchuria which is entirely under the direction of Japanese officials. Her actions seem to resemble the old diplomacy of force, but the terminology has been changed. If private interests wish to obtain control of the government railways in Canada, we would suggest that they study the strategy which Japan has employed during the past year.

#### STATE OWNERSHIP

THE decline and fall of the Canadian National Railways as an independent system will undoubtedly be used, both in Canada and abroad, as an illustration of the inefficiency of state socialism. Actually, government control has had very little to do with it. At the present time the capitalization of the National Railways per mile is just about double that of the Canadian Pacific, and under no kind of management, private or public, could the C.N. be made to meet running expenses plus the interest charges on this enormous over-capitalization. When the government took over these lines, in the early years of the War, they were in a bankrupt condition. Under ordinary business practice they would have gone into liquidation, the bond-holders would have lost a large part of their investments, and the companies would have been reorganized on the basis of a reduced capitalization. The government was unable to do this because it had already guaranteed large bond issues of the different companies. If the government at that time had been as interested in making a success of public ownership, as it was in securing the in-

vestments of the bond-holders, it could have reduced the capitalization of the C.N. to that of the C.P.—on a mileage basis—and transferred the balance of the bond indebtedness to the National Debt. If, at the start, the capital of the National Railways had been reduced by a billion dollars—which will be done now, if the recommendations of the Duff Commission are carried out—they would probably now be solvent, whether they were being operated under private or public management. The great difficulty in attempting to operate a public utility under a capitalist form of government is that it will always be subject to interference by politicians who are instinctively opposed to social control. In commenting upon Sir Henry Thornton's resignation *The Financial Post* said, in an editorial note: 'The trouble with Sir Henry Thornton's regime was not his inability to keep the politicians at arms length but that he enfolded them into his arms and ran his railway on a political basis from start to finish.' But is this not an inevitable feature of state ownership or socialism? The politicians are bound to have a finger in it. And state socialism can only be operated successfully by politicians who believe in it.

#### WHEAT PREFERENCES

THE preference of two shillings a quarter on Canadian wheat in British markets is one of those perfect political devices about which no finally conclusive argument can ever be presented. For all comparisons between the state of the market with the preference in operation and the state of the market without the preference are necessarily hypothetical, since the two markets cannot exist together at the same time. Hence the preference will furnish admirable material for Mr. Bennett's flights of oratory at the next election. But upon the whole business there is a delightful commentary to be found in a book that was issued some time before Mr. Bennett began his heroic task of saving Canada and the Empire. In 1929 Professor W. A. S. Hewins of London published his autobiography—*The Apologia of an Imperialist*. Hewins was one of Chamberlain's right-hand men when the great imperial preference campaign was started in 1903. In 1905 he and Chamberlain had lunch in London and a long conversation with Sir William Mulock, then a member of the Laurier government. We quote from Prof. Hewins' notes of the discussion:—

Mr. Chamberlain asked Sir W. Mulock his opinion of the proposed preferential duty of 2s. a quarter on wheat. Sir W. Mulock thought it could not possibly raise prices. Asked whether it would be an advantage to Canada, he appeared to think it would not greatly benefit them. Asked whether he would tell his constituents so, he was rather doubtful. He distinguished between the political and economic importance of the subject.

Later in the same year Hewins came out to Canada on a confidential mission from Chamberlain and had long interviews with Laurier and Fielding, of which he prints some very interesting notes. (He was accompanied on this trip by the Hon.



Vere Brabazon Ponsonby, now the Earl of Bessborough.) Again we quote:—

As to the wheat duty F. said he knew Mulock had suggested to C. that it might be dispensed with. But this was not correct. Canada certainly would not abandon it . . . F. said it was politically necessary.

We wonder if, twenty five years from now, some diarist who was keeping notes at Ottawa this summer will give us a picture of Messrs. Bennett and Herridge assuring the Britishers that the wheat preference was politically necessary and explaining to them the distinction 'between the political and the economic importance of the subject.'

## RUSSIA IN THE NEWS

NOW that the Russians have again begun to starve the boycott on news from the U.S.S.R. has been lifted by Canadian newspapers, and the failure of Communism is making its appearance on the front page. The *Toronto Globe* for September 14th even carried full-page headlines announcing the downfall of Stalin and the collapse of the regime—an announcement which, at the time of writing remains unconfirmed. Bad news from Russia is important and should be given the prominence it merits; but news of an opposite character, when such exists, is also essential if a true picture is to be presented to the public. Unfortunately, the press does not seem to consider that a true picture of world events is important or even desirable. In the case of Russia, the bias is deliberate and dishonest; but foreign news in general receives much the same treatment, either from prejudice or from sheer ignorance. Anyone who depends on the average Canadian newspaper for a coherent and accurate picture of events abroad must long ago have realized the utter incompetence of our press when dealing with foreign affairs. Yet a thorough knowledge and appreciation of the world situation is becoming more and more vital as the interests of Canada become inextricably involved with the condition of the rest of the world. Newspapers are fond of arguing that they give the people what they want—which in practice means a reduction to the lowest common denominator of popular intelligence. But surely it is possible to consider as well the more intelligent section of the public without any grave damage to circulation or advertising—and with a distinct advance in efficiency as a newspaper.

## SHORT STORIES

FOR eighteen years Mr. Edward J. O'Brien has been devoting himself to the selection of the best short stories that are printed each year in North America, and his annual report has now become a recognised institution. In the last year on which he has reported (May 1, 1931 to April 30, 1932) he ranks THE CANADIAN FORUM as third in the list of American periodicals publishing short stories. During that period THE CANADIAN FORUM printed eleven short stories and Mr. O'Brien includes every one of them in his selected list. After drawing up his list he classifies journals according to the proportion of

distinctive stories which he considers them to have printed. Of these, seventeen have printed an average of 50% or more of stories which he thinks worthy of inclusion in his list. They are:—  
1. *Story*, 100%; 2. *Hound and Horn*, 100%; 3. THE CANADIAN FORUM, 100%; 4. *Scribners*, 95%; 5. *This Quarter*, 92%; 6. *Clay*, 90%; 7. *Prairie Schooner*, 90%; 8. *Harpers*, 79%; 9. *Midland*, 77%; 10. *Frontier*, 77%; 11. *Pagany*, 76%; 12. *Transition*, 75%; 13. *Forum*, 75%; 14. *North American Review*, 75%; 15. *Scrip*, 70%; 16. *American Mercury*, 69%; 17. *Atlantic*, 64%. Of the stories themselves Mr. O'Brien makes a further special selection which he calls his Roll of Honour; 'a small group of stories which possess, I believe, the even finer distinction of uniting genuine substance and artistic form in a closely woven pattern with such sincerity that these stories may fairly claim a position in American literature.' In this Roll of Honour along with twelve stories by José Garcia Villa, ten by William Faulkner, six by Morley Callaghan, is included one of the CANADIAN FORUM stories,—'Miss Kidd,' by Luella Bruce Creighton, which appeared in the number of October, 1931. The other CANADIAN FORUM stories selected by Mr. O'Brien were those of Edward Arthur Beder, Mary Cornell, Mary Quayle Innis (three of Mrs. Innis' stories are included), C. N. Lea, L. A. Mackay, Eleanor McNaught, Ursell Mull, and John Ravenhill. While all such lists are to some extent arbitrary, as Mr. O'Brien himself would be the first to admit, we think that our contributors (and ourselves) deserve congratulations.

## AUTUMN EVENING

The good brown smell of earth,  
So comfortably warm in its assurance  
That, summer having died,  
And winter yet to come,  
Autumn in all its glory, stands between.

The fallen leaves attend  
The chill faint gusty winds of winter's advent;  
Clustered in shrivelled heaps  
Beneath their parent trees,  
Waiting the unavoidable command.

Out of the friendly past  
So suddenly recaptured by a scent;  
Leaf-mould and evening mist  
Make me a child again,  
Playing about a bonfire in the dusk.

MARGARET MACKENZIE.



## AFTER OTTAWA

*Notes on the New Era*

THE epoch-making Conference which was to inaugurate a new era in the British Commonwealth and to show the way to the world out of the depression turned out to be unique only in one respect. It developed more quarreling and bitterness of feeling than has ever marked any Imperial Conference since Lord Salisbury first summoned the colonial representatives to London in 1887. In the days of Laurier and Chamberlain the positions of Canada and Great Britain were just as diametrically opposed on the subjects which came up for discussion as they were at Ottawa this summer. But both sides kept their tempers and agreed to disagree. In 1932 Mr. Bennett's high-handed tactics, and his efforts to stampede the British delegates into an agreement in which Canada would concede nothing, roused fierce resentment which was publicly as well as privately expressed. The feature of this Conference has been the frankness with which the English newspapers threw aside restraint and said what they really thought about Canadian tactics and policy. We are in truth in a new era in the relations of Britain and Canada. Neither party intends any longer to allow Imperial sentiment to be exploited by the other side at its expense. But each party is as determined as ever to exploit Imperial sentiment for its own benefit. In such circumstances the fewer Conferences we have the better. Probably the one point on which all delegates privately agreed at the end of the Ottawa proceedings was that wild horses would never again drag them into another Economic Conference.

What have been the tangible results of the Conference as expressed in trade agreements? Self-styled experts are still arguing as to the effects of the various tariff arrangements. To the layman the outstanding feature of the agreements as so far published is the number of loopholes which are left for future differences of interpretation. Great Britain does give certain definite tariff preferences which can be made to look valuable at general elections. But what does she get in return? She gets a promise from our protectionist government that protection against U.K. products shall be afforded only to those industries 'which are reasonably assured of sound opportunities for success'; that our protective duties shall not exceed such a level as will give U.K. producers 'full opportunity of reasonable competition on the basis of relative cost of economic and efficient production' (but infant industries in Canada are to receive 'special consideration'); that British producers shall have access to a Canadian Tariff Board yet to be named; that existing surcharges on imports from the U.K. shall be abolished 'as soon as the finances of Canada will allow'; that the Canadian government will 'give sympathetic consideration to the possibility of reducing and ultimately abolishing the exchange dumping duty.' Can any sane man maintain that the British, after conducting a stubborn fight for a month, were then innocent or good-natured enough to make real concessions to

Canada in exchange for such vague promises as these? The one other element to be weighed in forming a judgment is the existence of Schedule E with its 220 items in the Canadian tariff in which new or increased preferences are given to Britain. Whether these items mean anything we cannot yet tell. But it is a sinister fact that in some of the items the margin of British preference, so we are told, is to be increased not by lowering the British rates but by increasing the intermediate and general rates. When we remember that some of the British concessions are also limited and qualified—the price of wheat and copper is not to go above world levels; the method of dealing with Russian dumping is left very vague—it seems fairly safe to conclude that nothing much is to be expected on either side.

One result may, unfortunately, be predicted with certainty. When our Tariff Board, staffed by high protectionists, comes to determine what is 'reasonable' competition and what industries are 'reasonably' assured of success in Canada; and when our government, also full of high protectionists (the most fanatical of whom did not resign this August but stayed on to be of service when needed), gives 'consideration' to the special position of infant industries and to the needs of the federal budget, we need not be surprised if we hear accusations of bad faith from Great Britain. And when the British government puts into practice what it deems reasonable measures against Russian dumping, and interprets the principles upon which the freer admission of Canadian cattle to British markets is to be based, there will be howls from our Canadian exporters, and similar accusations.

A few words should be said about the report of the currency and financial experts. This was really the prize joke of the Conference. After all the ballyhoo for months before the meeting concerning the creation of a sterling group and the lead which it would give to the world on financial questions, the net result of the profound deliberations presided over by Mr. Stevens was a pious recommendation to the rest of the world to do what it could to assist in raising commodity prices. Of course the idea that Canada should tie herself up to the British pound was fantastic from the start. If British currency does not return to the gold standard it will be managed by British experts entirely with British interests in view. No Empire Bank or any other method of cooperative management would give us a real share in the control of financial policy any more than Imperial Federation or any of the other schemes once popular would have given us a real share in the control of political policy. It is sad to see our Western farm leaders who have been so insistent on our political autonomy willing to give up our financial autonomy so easily.

There is one particular interpretation of the significance of the Conference to which a considerable vogue has already been given. This is to the effect that the Statute of Westminster brought to an end all the political bonds which once united the nations of the Empire, except the common crown, and that this dangerous lack of unity must now be remedied by the creation of

new economic bonds. Lord Hailsham has been delivering himself of such sentiments at the annual meeting of the Canadian Bar Association, which appears from the newspaper reports to have been once again the scene of an orgy of Imperialist emotion. According to his Lordship the Empire was at the parting of the ways after the Statute of Westminster, and it was only Mr. Bennett's courage and vision which, by devising new economic ties, saved it from drifting to disintegration. Of course it would not occur to the hard-headed corporation lawyers who were listening to him to ask what these new ties consisted of. Speaking as one lawyer to others he could no doubt assure them that the somewhat ambiguous formulae of the Ottawa report contained worlds of meaning not evident to the ignorant layman. But if he is to be taken seriously, the implications of Lord Hailsham's argument are worth some attention. In spite of the verdict of the 1926 Conference that the tendency towards complete autonomy and equality among the nations of the Commonwealth was inevitable and proper, he evidently considers that the result was regrettable. And since political ties had proved obsolete or unacceptable he is all for devising other ones. The assumption is that the British nations cannot live happily together unless they are bound by definite commitments. This has always been the major premise of all Imperialist thinking. It is not without significance that Lord Hailsham is a Minister of War.

It is not too early however to venture upon quite a different interpretation of the significance of this last Conference. The Colonial Conferences were begun by enthusiasts who were intent on consolidating the political structure of the Empire. They had exactly the opposite result. As one Conference succeeded another it became clear that the one thing which the Dominions demanded was complete emancipation from any central Imperial control. Each Dominion in time developed interests of its own and refused to bind itself to any unified Imperial policy. The ultimate result was the Report of 1926. This newer series of Economic Conferences—of which there have now been three meetings in 1923, 1930, and 1932—has already revealed the same deep-rooted differences of interest and outlook in the economic sphere. It will eventually lead to the same conclusion that each nation must be left to run its own affairs as it sees fit. These high-flying aspirations for closer Imperial unity are not destined to be realized in either the political or the economic sphere. And the sooner we all come to accept this fact the happier our relations with one another will be.

No, the future unity of the British Empire will express itself in the realm of spiritual values. But why worry? With a little practice one can make even more resounding speeches about spiritual values than about political and economic union.

F. H. U.

## THE UNITED FARMERS OF ALBERTA

By S. DELBERT CLARK

IN its march across the continent to its final resting place—the Western plains—the frontier has challenged the old order of society and left its mark upon the political, economic, and social life of Canada. From the rebellion of 1837 to the present day it has continued in its policy of pressing its needs through organized political action. Clear Gritism of the 'fifties and 'sixties waged war upon railway exploitation, clerical control, and land monopolies, and pushed for vigorous western expansion. The U.F.A., the offspring of clear Gritism is, like its parent, an expression of the frontier; an expression of that rugged and enterprising individualism which is a mark of the pioneer of forest or plain. The struggle for existence creates within the frontiersman a resourcefulness and independent spirit which cannot be curbed. Forced to fight his own battle in the early years of pioneering he looks with suspicion upon cooperative effort. He is almost arrogantly individualist in his outlook.

For all that, there is a difference between the western pioneer of today and the Ontario pioneer of the 'fifties; and that difference is being carried over into their respective political organizations—the U.F.A. and Clear Gritism. The Ontario farmer remained from beginning to end an individualist—an embryo capitalist; his one interest was to maintain his independent existence. The in-

dustrial revolution in agriculture has wrought a change in the farmer's philosophy. His independence remains but a fiction; he is dependent upon the railway companies, the implement companies, the banks and the innumerable other services allied with agriculture. The horizon of his thinking has been widened and he looks now beyond his immediate locality to the nation and international world as the theatre of his citizenship. Withal his fundamental philosophy is not greatly changed; he is still a small capitalist in a highly capitalized world.

But many, convinced that the fight with the financial interests is hopeless, that, regardless of what they may do, they must become a mere tool in a Fascist order, have substituted for their individualist philosophy the Communist philosophy which at least promises them the fruits of their toil. From capitalists who were always striving to secure more than they produced many have now become proletarians who demand only that which they produce. Not until they realized that, as capitalists, they were not securing the fruit of their toil have they been able to make this transformation.

Agrarian philosophy is thus in a transition stage. By attempting to combine individualism with collectivism a muddled and contradictory philosophy has been created; and it is impossible



to say whether the Western farmers are the most radical or the most conservative people in Canada. The U.F.A. has refused to be doctrinaire. Its leaders, generally speaking, have appealed to their constituents on such issues as lower interest rates, a more inflated currency, lower freight rates and lower tariffs; but such appeals will meet as hearty a response from the farmers who are still individualists as from those who hold Communist views. The present depression has forced doctrinism upon the farmer; and that doctrinism is dividing him politically where his former pseudo-capitalist philosophy welded him into one. The farmer who still believes that with returning prosperity he can recover his position and turn what are now losses into profits remains an individualist; he who believes that his position as a middle-class capitalist is doomed accepts Communism.

Thus, the U.F.A. is an economic and political organization of agricultural producers; not a party of Socialists or anti-Socialists. Whether its members will be prepared to overthrow their individualist philosophy which they inherited from Clear Grittism and substitute a collectivist philosophy remains to be seen. The division in the ranks of the U.F.A. is evident even in the smallest unit of the organization—the district local. Where in former years the local meetings concerned themselves with particular problems such as the Wheat Pool, freight rates, banking policy, today they consider the fundamental philosophies; and, where they formerly secured agreement they now secure irreconcilable differences in opinion. At a federal constituency Convention, which I attended, the issue of Communism was deliberately avoided by the official body, but the question was enthusiastically discussed by small groups of farmers outside the assembly hall. While a Marxist could scarcely secure a hearing in the meeting, there were many prepared to listen to him when out on the street. Officially the delegates concerned themselves with such questions as a Moratorium (an attempt to prolong their life as middle-class capitalists) and the nationalization of currency and credit. They were willing to apply collectivization to every institution but their own.

The division among farmers is emphasized by the Farmers' Unity League, an organization professedly doctrinaire. Its greatest weakness is that it has stepped too far in advance of the main body of farmers; it is failing to carry them with it. As followers of Karl Marx the members of the Unity League refuse to compromise; they have presented a creed and all those who will not accept that creed *in toto* are looked upon with suspicion. There is yet too much individualism in farmers to secure absolute harmony of opinion.

Yet the Unity League has challenged the older organization (the U.F.A.) to reveal its real self. If the latter swings Socialist the Unity League will probably disappear; but if it definitely swings away from Socialism then the Unity League will persist; perhaps ultimately triumph when the farmer eventually realizes that his position as a middle-class capitalist is doomed.

The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation must be considered as an attempt on the part of reform leaders to instil new life into farmer and

labour movements. So long as labour respects the bit the Federation will probably be successful; but, though some of the U.F.A. members hold advanced views, it is unlikely that the great body of farmers will fall in line with anything that smacks too much of Communism. It is worthy of notice that the Nationalization of land is not suggested in the programme of the New Federation; on the contrary Clause Three proposes that the farmer should have security of Tenure on his land. It is no sin for the Government to own the systems of transportation, manufacturing and banking; but the farmer must be absolute boss over his own broad fields. It is because such lordship is threatened that the farmer has become a reformist; when he realizes that he is a vassal rather than a lord he may become a Communist. In short the New Federation may make a valuable contribution to social reform; but, for some time at least, it cannot be a cohesive Socialist party.

Though erring in generalities there is much truth in what the *Vancouver Sun* has to say:—

The new party unites under one flag those members of the community who have always been notable for their extreme individualism and those who, on the other hand, have accustomed themselves more than any other to collective action. Mr. Woodsworth's two steeds may pull for the moment in the same direction, but there is no assurance that this will continue. In any event, the team will not be an easy one to drive in double harness—even for as skilful a political Jehu as the head of labor representation in the Parliament of Canada.

The most depressing feature of the farmers' movement to-day is the political hopelessness of its members. The Wheat Pool has failed; the U.F.A. has accomplished little; the farmer has lost faith in his own handiwork. Many, in sheer despair, turned to such olive branches as Bennett's Canada First policy. But the branch has borne little fruit and what fruit there was proved unpalatable to the farmer. Meanwhile the latter, like a lost trapper in a blizzard, realizes he has been going around in a circle. Perhaps the storm will break and an increased return for his wheat will give the farmer hope that he yet may be able to carry on; but until that time comes it will be difficult to persuade him to cooperate in constructive effort.

Western Canada is bankrupt, individually and collectively. The optimism of the West which is talked about by the Eastern press is nowhere to be found. Good crops or bad crops, Imperial Economic Conferences or Lausanne Conferences make little difference in the farmers' outlook; that outlook is one of despair and hopelessness. It is being reflected in agrarian organizations.



## NURSES AND NURSING

By REBA RIDDELL

A SUBJECT most vital to the welfare of the Canadian people is their nursing system. For some years back there has been an undefined feeling of dissatisfaction, both in the minds of the public, and among the nurses themselves. Definite grounds for this dissatisfaction have been exposed by the recent survey of nursing education in Canada, sponsored by the Canadian Medical and Canadian Nurses Association and conducted by Professor George Weir of the University of British Columbia. The additional facilities which are being provided for the greater education of every Canadian citizen have so augmented the knowledge of need in the general public that a high standard and uniform method of caring for our sick has become a national necessity.

The art and science of nursing has advanced steadily in ideals and practical skill since Florence Nightingale's enlightening influence, at the time of the Crimean War. In the past, this scientific care has been confined largely to the more moneyed classes. The various trained nursing services now employed among the poor and isolated are covering a miraculous amount of work, but they have an enormous responsibility with inadequate support. Nine-tenths of these services are in reach, geographically, of less than half of our population.

There should be no discrimination in the distribution of the essentials of nursing care and preventive methods in diseases of children. Dr. George Vincent asserts that at least twenty per cent. of all sickness is entirely preventable. Every child has an equal right to health, and no other element could have more influence on the production of good citizenship. The protection and promotion of good health in all children is the responsibility of every community. The Public Health Nurse is the teacher of healthful living, the exponent of educational and welfare work as well as sick-bed care. In districts where a Public Health programme has been established, statistics show real progress. Infant and child mortalities have been reduced, with a marked decrease in the presence of disease.

Since the beginning of time women have been required to jeopardize their lives when giving birth to children. A large maternal death toll has been more or less taken for granted. One thousand three hundred and thirty-seven mothers were lost in Canada in 1929. This means that there were 5.7 maternal deaths for every 1,000 live born children. The maternal mortality in Denmark is 3.2; in Holland, 3.4; in Sweden, 3.8 and in England and Wales, 4.3. These countries have organized a highly proficient service of care for their mothers. The United States is awakening, with due concern, to the importance of this question. They have a toll of 7.0 maternal deaths to every 1,000 live births with which to contend. The principal factor in the reduction of this sacrifice is the provision of an adequate public

service of nurses, specially trained in maternity work and with a specific knowledge of midwifery.

The definite training and standard of conduct which characterizes the Registered Graduate Nurse in Canada is a public safeguard, and justifies the rating of nursing with the professions. Other people practising bedside care of the sick bear no guarantee of knowledge received and have no code of professional ethics to follow. Although the practical nurse is often a capable woman of considerable common knowledge, there is no surety of her experience. It is to the public interest that this distinction be definitely established.

The general public have come to appreciate the advantage of the trained nurse, and feel an injustice in their inability to pay the price. Only three out of eight people in Canada, so ill as to require the care of a trained nurse, can afford to engage one. The high cost of sickness is a constant source of distress to the respectable and educated people living on moderate salaries. The savings of a whole lifetime can be wiped out in a few weeks with a severe illness. Families will put themselves into a condition of permanent indebtedness in order to provide the best known care when a life is, perhaps, at stake.

In rural districts the service of a trained nurse is often unavailable. Nurses find that the probability of steady and less arduous employment is greater in the cities and towns.

For periods of epidemic or disaster, there is a lack of organized control, which results in a percentage of resources wasted. People only mildly ill, who can afford the luxury, retain the entire services of nurses who should be available for those really in need of skilled attention.

Considering the general system from the nurses' standpoint, there is an equal, if not greater, need of adjustment. Their twelve-hour working day is a social evil, which should not exist. Intelligent caring for the sick is a constant mental strain, and often involves real physical labour as well. Any person who spends one-half of the twenty-four hours of each day in the environment of a sick room is bound to deteriorate. Often a nurse will work every day of the week, for months at a time, with the same patient. At the end of the case, she is simply exhausted and may have to take a long, unpaid vacation to recuperate. A nurse who is not in perfect health and vigour is unable to give her best, and in this work her conscience demands the utmost, always. One day a week of absolute freedom is a necessary tonic which every individual should enjoy.

The nurse's earnings are very precarious. She has no sure salary, no paid vacation, sick leave, or superannuation. She is paid by the day. The average full time salary of the private duty nurse in Canada is less than the average salary of the lady teacher. The trained nurse spends three years of academic study, combined with hard labour and responsibility, to obtain her profes-

sion. Is this, with the importance of the work she does, not worthy of more stable remuneration?

I have a vision of an organization under Government administration; an army of trained women in sufficient numbers to supply the present needs, and increasing with the natural increase which follows, step on step, with education and national development. All the graduate nurses in Canada are enlisted and formed into groups, under supervision and discipline. They enjoy a regular eight hour day and six day week. The work is assigned with close consideration of the current public need and the adaptability of the individual nurse. These nurses are distinguished with a street uniform and are fraught with a fund of goodwill and ability. The public has gained the boon of nursing at a low cost and the nurses have a healthy, happy life in a great field of service. Glancing at the high-lights of the organization, I see these ever-welcome figures working in the thickly populated and poorer sections of the cities, and a mounted band invading all the isolated districts, bringing relief to the sick and dying, and safety to the mothers with their new-born babies.

### THE DEPRESSION ENDS

If I could take within my hand  
The rod of Prospero for an hour,  
With space and speed at my command,  
And astro-physics in my power,  
Having no reason for my scheme,  
Beyond the logic of a dream,  
To change a world predestinate  
From the eternal loom of fate,  
I'd realise my mad chimera  
By smashing distaff and the spinner,  
And usher in the golden era  
With an apocalyptic dinner.  
I'd place a table in the skies  
No earthly mind could visualise:  
No instruments of earth could bound it —  
'Twould take the light-years to go round it.  
And to this feast I would invite  
Only the faithful, the elect—  
The shabby ones of earth's despite,  
The victims of her rude neglect,  
The most unkempt and motley throng  
Ever described in tale or song.  
All the good lads I've ever known  
From the twelve winds of sea and land  
Should hear my shattering bugle tone  
And feel its summoning command.  
No one should come who never knew  
A famine day of rationed gruel,  
Nor heard his belly like a flue  
Roaring with wind instead of fuel:  
No self-made men who proudly claim  
To be the architects of fame;  
No major-generals iron-shod  
Who stalk through life as on parade,

Wearing their badges and gold braid,  
And throwing out their chests to God;  
No profiteers whose double chins  
Are batted on the Corn-Exchange,  
While continental breadlines range  
Before the dust of flour-bins.  
These shall not enter, nor shall those  
Who soured with the sun complain  
Of all their manufactured woes,  
Yet never had an honest pain:  
Not these—the well-groomed and the sleeked,  
But all the gaunt, the cavern-cheeked,  
The waifs whose tightened belts declare  
The thinness of their daily fare;  
The ill-starred from their natal days,  
The gaffers and the stowaways,  
The road-tramps and the alley-bred  
Who leap to scraps that others fling  
With luck less than the Tishbite fed  
On manna from the raven's wing.  
This dinner now years overdue  
Shall centre in a barbecue.  
Orion's club—no longer fable—  
Shall fall upon the Taurus head.  
No less than Centaurs shall be led  
In roaring pairs forth from their stable  
And harnessed to the Wain to pull  
The mighty carcass of the bull  
Across the tundras to the table,  
Where he shall stretch from head to stern,  
Roasted and basted to a turn.  
I'd have the Pleiades prepare  
Jugged Lepus (to the vulgar, *hare*),  
Galactic venison just done  
From the corona of the sun,  
Hoof jellies from Monoceros,  
Planked tuna, shad, stewed terrapin,  
And red-gut salmon captured in  
The deltas of the Southern Cross,  
Devilled shrimps and scalloped clams,  
Flamingoes, capons, luscious yams  
And cherries from Hesperides;  
And every man and every beast,  
Known to the stars' directories  
For speed of foot and strength of back,  
Would be the couriers to this feast—  
Mercury, Atlas, Hercules,  
Each bearing a capacious pack.  
I would conscript the Gemini,  
Persuading Castor to compete  
With Pollux on a heavy wager,  
Buckboard against the sled, that he,  
With Capricornus could not beat  
His brother mushing Canis Major.  
And on the journey there I'd hail  
Aquarius with his nets and pail,  
And Neptune with his prong to meet us  
At some point on the shores of Cetus,  
And bid them superintend a cargo  
Of fresh sea-food upon the Argo—  
Sturgeon and shell-fish that might serve  
To fill the side-boards with hors d'oeuvres.

And worthy of the banquet spread  
Within this royal court of night,  
A curving canopy of light  
Shall roof it myriad-diamonded.  
For high above the table head



Shall sway a candelabrum where,  
 According to the legend, dwelt a  
 Lady seated in a chair  
 With Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta,  
 Busy braiding up her hair.  
 Sirius, the dog-star, shall be put  
 Immediately above the foot,  
 And central from the cupola  
 Shall hang the cluster—Auriga,  
 With that deep sapphire-hearted stella,  
 The loveliest of the lamps, Capella.  
 For all old men whose pilgrim feet  
 Were calloused with life's dust and heat,  
 Whose throats were arid with its thirst,  
 I'd smite Jove's taverns till they burst,  
 And punch the spigots of his vats,  
 Till flagons, kegs and barrels all  
 Were drained of their ambrosial  
 As dry as the Sahara flats.  
 For toothless, winded ladies who,  
 Timid and hesitating, fear  
 They might not stand the barbecue  
 (Being so near their obsequies),  
 I'd serve purees fresh from the ear  
 Of Spica with a mild ragout—  
 To satisfy the calories—  
 Of breast of Cygnus stiffened by  
 The hind left leg of Aries,  
 As a last wind-up before they die.  
 And I would have no wardens there,  
 Searching the platters for a reason  
 To seize Diana and declare  
 That venison is out of season.  
 For all those children hunger-worn  
 From drought or flood and harvest failing,  
 Whether from Nile or Danube hailing,  
 Or Yang-tse or the Volga born,  
 I'd communise the total yields  
 Of summer in the Elysian fields,  
 Gather the berries from the shrubs  
 To crown souffles and syllabubs.  
 Dumplings and trifles and eclaires  
 And roly-polies shall be theirs;  
 Search as you may, you will not find  
 One dash of oil, one dish of prunes  
 To spoil the taste of the macaroons,  
 And I would have you bear in mind  
 No dietetic aunt-in-law,  
 With hook-nose and prognathic jaw,  
 Will try her vain reducing fads  
 Upon these wenches and these lads.

Now that these grand festivities  
 Might start with holy auspices,  
 I would select with Christian care  
 To offer up the vesper prayer,  
 A padre of high blood—no white  
 Self-pinched, self-punished anchorite  
 Who credits up against his dying  
 His boasted hours of mortifying,  
 Who thinks he hears a funeral bell  
 In dinner gongs on principle.  
 He shall be left to mourn this night  
 Walled in his dim religious light:  
 Unto this feast he shall not come  
 To breathe his gloom. No! rather some  
 Sagacious and expansive friar

Who beams good-will, who loves a briar,  
 Who, when he has his fellows with him  
 Around a board, can make a grace  
 Sonorous, full of liquid rhythm,  
 Boom from his lungs' majestic bass;  
 Who, when requested by his host  
 To do the honours of a toast,  
 Calls on the clan to rise and hold  
 Their glasses to the light a minute,  
 Just to observe the mellow gold  
 And the rare glint of autumn in it.

Now even at this hour he stands,  
 The benison upon his face,  
 In his white hair and moulded hands,  
 No less than in his spoken grace.  
 'We thank thee for this table spread  
 In such a hall, on such a night,  
 With such unusual stores of bread,  
 O Lord of love! O Lord of light!  
 We magnify thy name in praise  
 At what thy messengers have brought,  
 For not since Galilean days  
 Has such a miracle been wrought.  
 The guests whom thou hast bidden come,  
 The starved, the maimed, the deaf and dumb,  
 Were misfits in a world of evil,  
 And ridden hard by man and devil.  
 The seven years they have passed through  
 Were leaner than what Israel knew.  
 Dear Lord, forgive my liberty,  
 In telling what thou mayst not know,  
 For it must seem so queer to thee  
 What happens on our earth below:  
 The sheep graze on a thousand hills,  
 The cattle roam upon the plains,  
 The cotton waits upon the mills,  
 The stores are bursting with their grains,  
 And yet these ragged ones that kneel  
 To take thy grace before their meal  
 Are said to be thy chosen ones,  
 Lord of the planets and the suns!  
 Therefore let thy favors fall  
 In rich abundance on them all.  
 May not one stomach here to-night  
 Turn traitor on its appetite.  
 Take under thy peculiar care  
 The infants and the aged. Bestow  
 Upon all invalids a rare  
 Release of their digestive flow,  
 That they, with health returned, may know  
 A hunger equal to the fare,  
 And for these mercies, Lord, we'll praise  
 Thee to the limit of our days.'

He ended. The salubrious feast  
 Began: with inundating mirth  
 It drowned all memories of earth:  
 It quenched the midnight chimes: nor ceased  
 It till the wand of Prospero,  
 Turning its magic on the east,  
 Broke on a master-charm, when lo!  
 Answering the summons of her name,  
 Fresh from the surf of Neptune came  
 Aurora to the Portico.

E. J. PRATT.

## ANOTHER GREAT CANADIAN BOOK

By LOUIS HAMILTON

THE advantage—or disadvantage—of studying any subject is that you keep making new discoveries. Readers of THE CANADIAN FORUM will not grudge me the pleasure of making another discovery in the field of Canadian letters:—*Who's Who in Canada (Registered) Including the British Possessions in the Western Hemisphere 1930-31. An Illustrated Biographical Record of Men and Women of the Time.* With apologies to Professor Stephen Leacock, I suggest as sub-titles 'Nonsense Novels,' 'Moonbeams (or still better 'Moonshine') from the Larger Lunacy,' or 'Frenzied Fiction.' This mighty tome contains XIX and 2,128 (two thousand one-hundred and twenty-eight) pages, with one to two portraits on each, and weighs several pounds. Placed at the end of a row of books that tend to flop and make you mad, it will hold them up better than any of those arty book-ends advertised by the big stores as freshly imported from Europe (sounds so much more classy than saying Germany, doesn't it?), usually a pottery elephant shoving at the books with his head, or a discreetly nude virgin in a literary attitude. But I am digressing, as they say in the Victorian novels.

Take the title page alone. How rich in promise of good things. You note 'Registered'? In my long (and chequered) course of multifarious reading I never came across a registered book before. Or is it a misprint for Cash Register? *Who's Who in Canada (A Cash Register)*. That's it, no doubt! Then, 'Including the British Possessions in the Western Hemisphere.' What a fine word Possessions is, and what an all-embracing, almost cosmological one is Hemisphere. 'An Illustrated Biographical Record of Men and Women of the Time.' Why, *The National Biography* has not a single illustration to bless itself with, but this *Who's Who* is a veritable National Portrait Gallery. Men and Women! Pshaw! Of the 54,000 *Who's Whos* there are not a hundred whose gender is female. But I note one of them is quoted as saying she thought 'that a great future lies before business and professional women.' This must hearten those who are losing their jobs because they are married. The Editor concludes his Preface with 'I trust this edition will open up to the satisfaction of all those who are interested in *Who's Who* reference.' Now, what is 'open up'? Has it anything to do with an eye-opener?

Four pages are devoted to Abbreviations. A key for the uninitiated. A key that is badly needed. There is hardly a *Who* who hasn't got a string of letters to his name. Some are so long that, like German sentences, you can travel in them all day without changing cars. That list of abbreviations is a regular little Hollinger full of choice nuggets, such as: 'B.C. . . . Before Christ, British Columbia'; 'D.Theol . . . Doctor of Theology, D.T.S. (no, not plural of D.T.) . . . Doctor of Sacred Theology'. Why this invidious distinction? 'St. . . Street, Saint.' I could not find a single saint in the whole blessed bunch.

I have not mentioned the price of *Who's Who in Canada*. It is \$10. Lord bless us, it would be cheap at \$100, and, for those who can afford it, at \$1,000. It is a gold mine, a coal mine, a pulp-mill, a power-station, a company town, a cannery, a . . . , but hold! I must return to the price. There are roughly 54,000 persons of importance enough, celebrated and great enough to be included in *Who's Who in Canada*, etc. Let us knock off 4,000 for the 'British Possessions in the Western Hemisphere.' That leaves 50,000 great men (and women) in Canada. Envious country! Now, I take it that each of these personages will (at one time or other) purchase the volume to leave on the drawing-room table, in a conspicuous place on the book-shelf, or, say, on the spotless desk of the President of the Moose Jaw Chewing Gum Corporation (Ltd.).  $50,000 \times 10 = 500,000$ ; gross, of course, but not bad as a bit of publishing business just now, is it? I suppose there is no admittance fee to the columns of *Who's Who*, for instance with half a page of letter-press. Nor would a whole page devoted to your portrait cost anything, would it? Surely not. Fie! You get into *Who's Who* because you are a distinguished Canadian, or a distinguished person in Canada, like . . . President of the . . . Ltd., Manufacturer of Toilet Paper. I presume it is due to an unfortunate error that several Canadian scholars, artists, and writers of international fame, many of whom, as I happen to know, are pretty hard up, are not enshrined in this Dominion Valhalla. I shall not mention names and drag them from that obscurity they no doubt deserve to live in among those who really count in the Dominion, nevertheless:—

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The value of a book lies in its correct employment. Take *Who's Who in Canada*. You may think you know how to use that book. But do you? Do you get your full ten dollars' worth out of it? If, when it arrives fresh from the publishers, you only run your finger down the index till you find your own name, hastily turn over the pages to read what is written about you; or gaze at your soulful mug staring at you and your admiring family leaning over your shoulder; if you only look up the names of your fellow executives, competitors, and enemies; if you only look up what is said about Senator McOil now that he is in trouble; if you only want to know what is the maiden name of your M.P.'s wife, his club or his favourite sport (it's bound to be golf anyway), then all I can say is you are not getting your money's worth. 'What the hell,' you may remark, 'am I to look for then? What else can I get out of the darned book?'

Well, I'll tell you only a few things you can get out of it. You can find out *Who's not Who* in Canada; you can look at all the photographs and try to imagine a composite picture of what

a leading Canadian would look like; you can read what constitutes a leading Canadian, what his occupation is, what he did to get into jail. I beg his pardon, a slip of the pen, I mean into *Who's Who*: and then go and do likewise. You can also study the culture and sociology of the Dominion, if you know how to draw conclusions; you can find out wherein the Canadian differs from the American or the Englishman; you can learn how to leave footprints in the sands of time. And then, talk about omnibus books; why, owning this book, you can dispense with a book-shelf, a book-case, or even a whole library. Reading, bless you, it will supply you with enough for years. Of course it is not a bedside book unless you want to throw it at a burglar. I do not suggest you should read it right off at one go. Nor, emulating really good critics, shall I betray to you so much that you will feel you know all you want to know about *Who's Who*. That would not be fair to the publishers. Is it not the task of the critic to simulate (the printer has left out the 't') interest; to whet the literary appetite?

But I shall not be overstepping the canons of criticism if I give you a general idea of what *Who's Who* tells us. Firstly, that the majority of great Canadians are business men. They are nearly all Presidents (sometimes Vice-Presidents) of companies. Their favourite sport is golf. There are exceptions. Thus under the heading 'Recreations' I find 'lecturing on Missionary Work,' 'Pipe Organ,' to say nothing of 'Gentleman farming' (*sic!*). Good Heavens, I have heard of baby farming, but of gentleman farming!

I mentioned the possibility of getting a composite portrait of a *Who's Who* in Canada. *Mutatis mutandi*, the type that emerges is a combination of a business executive and what I should call (and I herewith claim the copyright of that designation) the 'senatorial' type. What does this happy fusion (perhaps 'merger' would have been more appropriate) look like? He is brachycephalic (the few dolichocephalics are swamped out in the composite portrait); he is not bald, though regarded as individuals contributing to the portrait those who are, may be said to go the whole hog. His eyes are bold and determined; his chin resolutely square. And if there are any *Who's Whos* in Canada with double chins, they didn't send in their photographs. He is well-groomed and must be a boon to the tonsorial artist. Going from the general to the particular, I may say that beards are rare, and mostly adorn the chins of presidents of banks, insurance companies, and dry goods concerns. The hair of a *Who's Who* is often grey, and there is a tendency on the part of his forehead, when he has passed the age of forty, to increase in altitude: this lends him an intellectual air which he enhances by a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

Although the French-Canadian population is by no means small, there are very few French-Canadian *Who's Whos* who are considered (or consider themselves) fit to be immortalized in the Canadian BOOK. Those who are (or do), are mostly politicians and barristers, though I noticed a 'wrecker' among them, whatever that may be.

It is surprising how many field-officers there

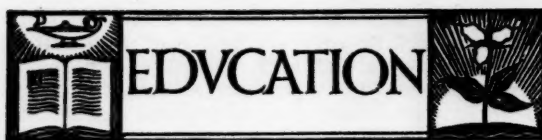
are in the Dominion. Why a mere ignorant foreigner turning over the leaves of *Who's Who in Canada* would think the country is as over-officered as she is over-railroaded, canalised, pulp-milled, power-stationed, and hotelled. And then these Wops can't understand that a man may be at one and the same time a lieutenant-colonel and vice-president of a hot-dog plant. The selfsame Bohunk might suppose that *Who's Who in Canada*, etc. is nothing more or less than a combined post-office directory, address book, club and business guide, and general commercial advertiser. But that again only shows his ignorance.

The remark was made above that the book we are discussing is not to be read slap bang through, but rather to be savoured, to be searched for tit-bits, to be dipped into. *Ergo* let us dip a little. Here we run across a gentleman who seizes the opportunity to advertise the product of his quarry as a 'stone which has the distinction of possessing greater hardness and finer texture than imported (my italics) stone.' How very appropriate for a volume entitled *Who's Who*. He does not admit the soft impeachment of being a member of the C.M.A., but I'll bet he is. Another 'built a trunk-sewer system.' In this case the tag *non olet* might not be appropriate. A youthful stockbroker has evidently got into the book on the strength of being a member of the Toronto Stock Exchange with 'wire connections with New York and Montreal.' Judging by his portrait he seems damned proud of it too. One bird was 'admitted to the Onondaga tribe of Indians by the name of O-ake-wah-de-he,' and serve him right; another 'successfully marketed wirebound boxes.' These dips must suffice.

To say that you are crushed after spending a few hours with *W. W. in C.* is putting it mildly. You come out of a book like that morally as flat as a pancake, and with a sense of depression that would make southern Saskatchewan look like the Rockies, but that is a sign that the book is doing you good. You ask yourself: What have you done? Why are you not in *Who's Who in Canada*? and then you realize you have never built even a branch-line sewer, never become a member of Mount Bruno Golf, or Toronto Hunt, never played polo, do not live in Westmount or Rosedale, did not marry Ethel daughter of the late Sir William and Lady Beauharnois. You never entered 'present business in a junior capacity in 1919'; your 'herd of Herefords' is not 'said to be one of the finest in the country,' even if you would not have dreamed of keeping them in town, though as a boy your flock of silkworms was well known in the concession. You . . . But I will not enlarge. Who are you, anyway, that I should?







## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF STATE EDUCATION

### *An Unacademic View*

#### I.

IN the minds of mystics and idealist philosophers the State is 'a self-sufficing entity, ethically self-conscious, self-knowing and self-actualising.' If the State to be discussed were Heaven, one might believe this and grant its implications. For it may be that in Heaven the Seraphim and the common angels sing with one voice and identify themselves with Heaven's king. But man's experience on earth is far from the divine; and the Miltonic distortion of an earthly reality gave even Heaven its social conflict. The clockwork stopped when Lucifer challenged the vested interests, and Heaven became a heaven upon earth.

Let the contract between rulers and ruled be broken, and who shall say it ever existed? Sound rebels do not challenge their own interests, they challenge other men's. Is the State then a regulation from on high, or is it a regulation by the powerful? From what is its power in the modern world derived: from morality, or from oil and steel? Is this power controlled by men or gods? If by men, what men? *Armed men?*

The growth of economic inequality leading to Feudalism with its surplus labour (serfs) and its surplus product (feudal dues) is sufficient to explain in human terms the necessity for the rudimentary state machine. Few will hold it an assumption to say that the strong will take measures to secure his strength, that the economically dominant group will seek to maintain its economic predominance in society. If this be an assumption then believe with Hegel that the State is 'the image and reality of Reason!' Such faith deserves to move mountains, and is buttressed by human conceit.

A favourite formula is Agrippa's. The State is an organic whole, said Agrippa. The workers are the bone and biceps, the patricians the mind. But feeding the patrician belly, said Marx, never increased the plebeian muscle! And burst the organism.

One may say these things with apology, obscuring the nature of Agrippa's Humpty-Dumpty with polite considerations as subtle as they are irrelevant. But an unacademic view should have unacademic utterance. In short, behind the economic dependence of the majority upon the minority there is a club. That club, if you like, is the State.

In denial of this view it has been said that the ruling-class in England is so free that it will give untrammelled life to its Shelleys and Byrons, (which is half true). But the one was a pauper in action, the other a rebel fop. And such men are not dangerous, unless to the women whom they fail to infect with their own sexual morality.

They may offend, they do not intimidate. Even a Shaw is welcome so long as he clothes his comment in the motley of bright intellectualism, thereby eliminating the element of threat. Other men took less pains to avoid the fate of Saint Joan, but their story carries further, and it is precisely this lesson that wise rulers have slowly and half-heartedly assimilated. 'When Chatham considers whether he should send Fox to the Tower and decides not, he decides wisely.' When Jix considered whether he should send Cook to gaol and decided not, *he* decided wisely. 'In strikes,' writes Bertrand Russell, 'it is common to order out the soldiers to coerce the strikers; although the employers are much fewer and much easier to coerce, the soldiers are never employed against them.' But when this action becomes necessary, it is a partial victory for the economically subject class, because it reveals both to soldiers and strikers the economic reality behind the democratic expedient.

The characteristic principle of the owners in the democratic State is the principle of judicious benevolence. In relinquishing the slave-holder's responsibilities, the master class has surrendered some of its influence; the wage-slave has no longer the slave mentality. Given sufficient economic decline the dependent worm will turn. To minimise this risk and to remain in effectual control of economic power, there is scarcely any limit to the concessions which an enlightened bourgeoisie would make. Such timely benevolence as 'Doles,' Old Age Pensions, etc., become the life insurance policy of the Bourgeois State, while parliamentary democracy serves as a rough barometer which indicates where the least possible concession may be made to relieve dangerous social antagonism. The wiser the ruling-class the more freely does it draw upon the unformulated science of Philanthropics.

Self-interest of course need not be present as a conscious motive in the minds of the economically secure. They may be too secure to feel their danger, too altruistic to feel their isolation. Enough that their social inheritance is the philosophy of past self-interest. And need we consider the excellent motives of individuals when the thing that matters is the effectual result? i.e. the continued dominance of the minority, the continued dependence and consequent exploitation of the majority.

#### II.

So long as Education is a monopoly of the privileged class, there is little need for State control. The master class will be loyal to its own institution. Universal education, however, demands careful control by the power that bestows it.

Till thoroughly scared by the Peasants' Revolt, Luther saw in universal education one means of freeing men from the trammels of the Roman Catholic Church. As protagonist of the Reformation he had to substitute state-politics for church-politics as the guiding force, and he was not slow to find arguments for the change:—

Were there neither soul, heaven, nor hell, it would still be necessary to have schools for the sake of affairs

here below . . . The world has need of educated men and women to the end that the men may govern their country properly, and that the women may properly bring up their children . . . This is the best and the richest increase, prosperity and strength of the city, that it shall contain a great number of polished, learned, intelligent, honourable, and well-bred citizens; who, when they have become all this, may then get wealth and put it to good use.

Here we have the first general conception of universal (and compulsory) education regarded as a state investment. The reasons advanced by Luther are material as they affect the welfare of the governing classes and spiritual only as they affect the individual soul. Even the religious motive, however, to enable men to read their Bible, cannot be wholly dis severed from the politico-economic movement against the Church. The times are complex in their exhibition of warring interests, the Bourgeoisie not completely ascendant, Feudalism not completely outworn, the wealth and power of the Catholic Church a prize to the strong and *protestant*.

Centuries were to elapse before Luther's reflections bore much fruit. At the start of the eighteenth century in England, we find that objection to an educated nation is still part of the philosophy of England's rulers. But so long as the worker who knows that two and two make four is more valuable to his employer than the complete ignoramus there will be a measure of enlightened support for the idea of more widespread education. Moreover, impoverished parsons in touch with their parishoners are not always the advocates of blinkers for the mob, and well-intentioned reformers were abroad.

The first reactions of the master class to the idea of education for the common people were much as one might expect them to be.

'I don't want one of your intellectuals (in choosing a worker). I want a man that will work and take his glass of ale: I'll think for him.'—Employer of Labour. (See First Report of Factory Commission, 1833).

On the other hand says Harriet Martineau: 'As a mere police-tax this rating would be a cheap affair. It would cost us much less than we now pay for juvenile depravity.'

Perhaps the best summing-up for the negative is Mr. Giddy's remarks as President of the Royal Society:—

However specious in theory the project might be of giving education to the labouring classes of the poor, it would in effect be found to be prejudicial to their happiness; it would teach them to despise their lot in life, instead of making them good servants in agriculture and other laborious employments to which their place in society has destined them; instead of teaching them subordination, it would render them fractious and refractory as was evident in the manufacturing counties; it would enable them to read seditious pamphlets, vicious books, and publications against Christianity; it would render them insolent to their superiors; and in a few years the result would be that the legislature would find it necessary to direct the strong arm of power towards them, and to furnish the executive magistrate with more vigorous laws than now in force.

To Mr. Giddy, as to all wise members of his caste, the happiness of the people themselves came very properly first. 'Education would in effect be prejudicial to their happiness.' Once the eyes

are opened, post-mortem prospects cease to console, and the field is free for the seditious pamphlets. We must not smile at Mr. Giddy, however. Nineteenth century economic necessities were too strong for him. Cupidity outbalanced fears. But Mr. Giddy has been a true prophet, for there is reason to remember his forecast of the calculated use of legal power in the maintenance of his class-supremacy.

### III.

So long as British industrialists held their monopolies, the nineteenth century could jog safely along. But with the steady growth of inter-state competition, rule-of-thumb methods bring less and less happy results. Britain is not the only country with coal and iron. Germany, France and young America have relatively virgin fields and a definite aim in dethroning the British monopolies. Hence the reaction of their ruling class is less complex. In Germany and France especially, education is bent definitely and clearly to the economic end. The new idea of Scientific Education grows apace, and with it experimentation, fast developing into some kind of system. So that in the seventies we find English educationists lamenting that their education is 'a quarter of a century behind France and Prussia,' while the Samuelson Report in a hideous sentence speaks of 'the extraordinary rapid growth of continental nations in manufactures,' and attributes this chiefly to 'the scientific training of proprietors and managers in France, Switzerland, Belgium and Germany and to the elementary instruction which is universal amongst the working population of Germany and Switzerland.'

'A knowledge of the principles of science', it continues, 'on the part of those who occupy the higher industrial ranks, and the possession of elementary instruction by those who held subordinate positions, would tend to promote industrial progress . . .'

As the century proceeds, alarm in Britain becomes more evident. The economic situation continues to develop adversely and stronger notes are sounded. Writes the *Times*: 'The Germans have found that nothing pays so well as knowledge and that new knowledge always pays in the long run.' And again: 'In one word Great Britain stands a chance at this moment of being beaten out of the most lucrative fields of commerce, simply because it does not recognize while other nations do, the value of scientific education in the field, in the workshop, in the laboratory and in the conduct of national policy.' 1895.

In 1901 Lord Rosebery declares:—

The war I regard with apprehension is the war of trade which is unmistakably upon us . . . We were the first nation of the modern world to discover that trade was an absolute necessity. For that we were nick-named a nation of shop-keepers, but now every nation wishes to be a nation of shop-keepers too, and I am bound to say that when we look at the character of some of these nations and when we look at the intelligence of their preparations we may well feel that it behoves us not to fear, but to gird up our loins in preparation for what is before us.

Even more pointed is Joseph Chamberlain's comment: of scientific education 'it is not too much to say that the existence of this country as the



great commercial nation depends upon it . . . . It depends very much on what we are doing now, whether we shall continue to maintain our supremacy or even equality with our great commercial and manufacturing rivals . . . .

'The time is coming when governments will give more attention to this matter,' says Joseph Chamberlain. In other words the time has come when the economic imperative has forced open the eyes of the dominant class.

In face of such an epoch-changing power as the economic necessities of the Bourgeoisie, how forlorn and puny was the tumult in the non-conformist breast of Herbert Spencer: 'What is meant by saying that the Government ought to educate the people? Why should they be educated? What is education for? Clearly to fit the people for social life to make them good citizens. And who is to say what are good citizens? The Government: there is no other judge. And who is to say how these good citizens are to be made? The Government: there is no other judge.'

The fact remains that Mr. Spencer could not stop them . . . The ruling class will educate the people, if and when the need arises, and in such manner as seems best to answer the need. The need itself may be a matter of controversy. It may become manifest slowly. There may be no clear-cut reaction. Indeed the dominant class may be divided in opinion as to its own ultimate interests (i.e. 'the interests of the nation'). For we must remember that the actual processes of education are mysterious, being in the hands of experts, and that the degree to which education proves of value varies with the individual and with the extent and nature of his training. Hence it is by comparatively slow degrees that the social value of wide-spread education to the economically powerful class becomes demonstrable. And it is on this value that the strength of the State's enforcement of education and the width of its application will chiefly depend.

In England an added complication can be remarked, for the necessities of Britain were not confined to producing industrial fodder, scientific brand. Thomas Huxley might say, 'If any Government could find a Watt, a Davy, a Faraday in the market, the bargain would be dirt cheap at £100,000,' and in so saying, he was stating an important truth for the Bourgeois State in the modern world. A scientific education, however, is not the best possible for an Empire-builder, and Britain was an Empire. Private enterprise had catered with varying efficiency for the sons of the super-class, and the humanistic tradition of the great public schools was not to be shaken at the first whistle of need from the industrial syrens. This factor should help to explain the continued and strong defence of the humanistic ideal in English education, as opposed to, and at first slightly mitigating, the full development of scientific education. There is cause for both schools of thought. If a Faraday is worth £100,000, what offers for a Rhodes?

One does not wish to imply that the study of Latin and Greek is the best of all possible trainings for Empire-Maintainers. The real significance is to be found in the spirit in which the

Humanities may be taught, a spirit which one cannot possibly associate with the teaching of science. It is the spiritual effect of the teaching acting upon the developing individual which forms the type. The teaching, whether scientific or classical, is the means to the wider ends. And both ends are economic imperatives to Britain's imperialists.

#### IV.

In the modern world, state control of education must aim at:

1. Achieving the maximum of efficiency of the future citizen as a unit in man's struggle with nature: that is, his maximum efficiency to the organization and enterprise of the controlling class, whether he be economically dependent or not.

2. Creating in the educant a strong sense of loyalty to the State for the furtherance of its owners' political aims, both external and internal: the State itself being represented as an institution poised above class, and brought into being (who knows?) by some categorical imperative of Justice acting through Pure Reason!

The need for the first objective is of course the State's justification for educating the populace at all. The second is the necessary condition for such education. No ruling class will rear its dependants on the principles set down in the American Declaration of Independence. The control of the dominant class demands the allegiance of all to the state-machine—emotionally symbolised by the stars and stripes, the hammer and sickle, and what not.

It is neither sufficient nor advisable that this fundamental loyalty of citizenship should be inculcated by direct methods. The attitude of mind of the teachers is more important than precept. The school itself as a loyal institution will exercise environmental force and help to ensure that the child is emotionally wedded to King-and-Country. The highest form of loyalty to the Bourgeois State is seen in Mr. Kipling's English schoolboys, who, you may remember, received with frigidity a flag-waving propagandist of Empire. So deep was their conviction, so already formed and adequate their feeling that it required no priest—indeed, the priestly exposition was sacrilege.

Direct teaching does not readily strengthen the patriotic emotion; because it implies abstraction, and that which is formulated and seen with the mind is colder and less to be revered. In Mr. J. L. Sheldon's advice to teachers, *Citizenship, and the Duties of the State*, we are permitted to hear the mechanism creak. 'Do not say too much about slavery', he warns the teacher. 'Pass lightly over the right to revolution.' (Mr. Sheldon is an American, and like a true product of his class, he does not wish young America to take its famous Declaration too seriously. English writers are less inhibited, in having entirely forgotten their revolutions). And again says Mr. Sheldon to his audience of teachers on the subject of passing bad laws in narrow interests, ' . . . if illustrations be needed, take them from other countries.' Such frankness is entirely naive, and results from a





ETAH

By A. Y. JACKSON

conscious superfluity of power on the part of the United States ruling class.

The very liberal Dr. D. H. Hadow, comments on this little book: 'One wonders what would happen if the volume fell into the hands of a pupil.' But he possibly over-estimates the pupil's independent intelligence. Dr. Hadow believes in the State as an organism, and his own recommendations for the teaching of citizenship are doubtless less crude, and (to the enlightened shareholder) more efficacious.

#### V.

As to the 'morality' of State education—'What right has the State to educate your children? . . .'

For curiosity's sake I put the question to two individuals. The first was a shrewd but unphilosophical business man. He was faintly amused. 'The State will enforce what it likes!' he said comfortably, and went back to his newspaper. The second was one of the first's workmen. He too was amused. 'I don't know where to begin on that,' he said. 'From our point of view the question means nothing at all!' My business man wasn't worrying. At heart he was at one with his government. No doubt he had to pay the piper, but he called the tune. And the second merely provided him with the means to do both, and had grown conscious of the fact.

Combining and enlarging upon the two reactions, I should say that given the need and its perception, the 'State' will impose its wishes to the limit of its strength. The moral justification will follow the material. In the case of compulsory national education it has done so. The dangers of education have not yet outweighed its benefits. The pupil is loosed from his school in time to be captured by a powerful press, confessedly propagandist, free to criticise and advise, but dependent for its own existence on perpetuating the safe existence of its owners. This Press will henceforward control him (for so long as he is housed and fed) in all matters of vital interest to the dominant class, leaving him free to his own opinions on the Prayer-Book Crisis. On the other hand the benefits of universal education are clearly to be seen in that it has helped to maintain the bourgeois standard of life in face of fierce interstate competition. Where there has been decline in the standards of their dependents, it is due, not to education, but to the obvious disharmonies within the economic organisation of Capitalism itself. Such, for example, is war, the final phase of competitive policies. Such too, is the disparity between production and consumption as world markets become wholly partitioned. Not least disintegrating is the incalculable behaviour of the human commodity, Labour, the bone and biceps, with its irrepressible tendency to grow a mind of its own and to war with the patrician belly—to struggle for the value it has created with the *rentier* and *entrepreneur*, to dispute its permanent dependence on an economic dictatorship not its own.

This last consideration is a fundamental one for the bourgeois state education. Its educators must be able to believe that the state is a unity, an organic thing, and not so much legal cement

which binds an incurable social fracture. They must believe that master and men are united in the bonds of mutual and of equal interest, and are not forever disunited by a bargain which is inevitably and eternally unfair to the bought. Science must be shown as the disinterested servant of all to cover its exploitation in the private interests of a few. Shakespeare must be shown as the poet of the nation, and that even to the rabble whom he despised. In this way the time-honoured fable of Agrippa will live, and the sold can tighten their belts and cheer in unison with their buyers. But capitalist depressions must not slide too far, or the national education will give way to a process of self-education, which in turn may well clear the stage for the bread cards and the red banners of the class-conscious.

D. E. ERICSON

#### FEET

The finicky strains of lusty blues  
Come tumbling, gliding from  
The dancing clubrooms of  
The Universal Negro Improvement Association.

The magic clap-clap of exultant hands,  
And the warm shouts of African throats,  
Vibrating with genuine nigger freedom.

The sensuous laughter of  
The kinky-haired brown gals,  
And the proud high yaller gals, and  
The grinning, happy-go-lucky young blades of  
The tribe.

Shake yo' feet!  
Boy, oh, boy!  
Shake yo' feet!

Brother,  
No white man living  
Can do with a pair of feet what  
A black man can do,  
Because nigger feet have a way  
Of their own.

No white man living  
Can make his body change places with his soul,  
Stepping the weary, symbolic step  
To the melting madness of  
A wailing rhapsody in black.

We white people,  
We dance on others,  
But the cullud folks dance on  
Their own feet.

VINCENT GELLER.



## JUGGERNAUT

By B. GLUCKMAN

YOU certainly wouldn't think if you saw it on the first links of the line, that it was the foetus of an automobile. To Stephen Tuomi the Finn and Henry McNab the Scotchman, who work opposite each other, it resembles nothing more than a bare frame of steel that requires numerous punchholes and rivets. These punchholes and rivets will keep two families that comprise in all twelve human beings. So they swing their heavy rivetters slung from the rail above and carry on their work with absolute unconcern for the nerve-racking tattoo as steel hammers against steel.

The factory is in the dull roar of full production. Wheels, bodies, and parts litter the floor-space in orderly piles. Blue neon gas tubes on the girders above the paint-spraying booths substitute for daylight. Underneath goggled workers fire thin coatings of lacquer from their spray-guns onto bodies . . . up, down . . . up, down . . . then across, for eight hours a day. The air is faintly sweet with banana oil from the paint fumes.

Like a giant right angle bend the line winds through the plant . . . its nondescript crew shackled by want no less securely than the slaves of galley days.

Outside the barred iron gates stand perhaps two, three hundred men. Broad high-cheekboned Slavic faces, thin swarthy Italians, and the skilful blue innocence of the Nordic. Their faces are heavy and dissatisfied in a vague way. Like tired horses in a thunderstorm.

The gateman is old. The oldest employee of the Company. One day he will die. Then the foreman will go around to the boys and collect contributions for a wreath from the Company, to put on old Charley's bones.

But Charley has lived a long time, and doesn't feel like dying at the moment. He has also seen almost a generation of men standing like patient cattle outside the iron gates, and the sight now makes him irritable.

A car swings off the road and sounds a shrill, imperious note at the knotted group before the gate. They swing readily apart, actuated by the selenium ray of visible power, but press into the gap that has opened in the gate.

'G'wan get back there!' shouts old Charley, 'we don't need anybody jest now.' He flaps his old arms and they retreat. Muttering darkly to God, but careful that no audible roar escapes, in case old Charley hears and remembers the face. That would mean no job.

\* \* \*

A shiny new car hurtles through the doors of the factory, spins crazily at a sudden twirl of the wheel, and screams to an abrupt stop. The inspector climbs out, opens the bonnet and peers inside. He is a long thin man, and wears a conical hat and yellow dust coat that looks like a minister's summer uniform.

A thin column of steamy white smoke crawls lazily into the sky, from the slender stack that

stands on the blotchy red squatness of the Powerhouse. Inside the office the switchboard operator is speaking to the Superintendent's department.

'There's a man here who wants to see you about a job,' she says.

'Tell him to file an application,' he says, 'I'm busy just now.' She tells him.

'I mus' see the Superintendent,' he says, with a thick accent and stolid determination.

'He's busy now.'

'Where is his office . . . I wait.'

She shrugs her shoulders, and points to one among the glass-panelled dormitory of offices. He passes a clatter of typewriters and joins a small group on a bench outside the office. After a while the Superintendent, a tall white-haired man with glasses and a jaded air, opens the door of his office.

'Any metal finishers here?' he enquires. The new arrival stands up and follows him in. For about five minutes they talk. Then the Superintendent pushes a buzzer and a small man with a toothbrush moustache comes in.

'Take this man on Harry . . . metal finisher.' Harry nods the only way. Then begins the ritual.

'Name?'

'MacDonald.'

The toothbrush wiggles skeptically. No kilt or heather ever caressed the body with that accent. Still, as Swenson observed to a friend outside the gate 'Maybe I tell them I'm Scotchman . . . otherwise not get job as Swede.'

'Here's your badge and tool checks,' says Harry, 'and mind the clock.'

Ah! the clock. The clock must be punched. Every eight hours. Every morning . . . every night. Sorrow, joy, mothers, fathers, children, sisters, volcanoes, cataclysms . . . the metallic clang of the clock-punch drowns them all.

\* \* \*

The line moves on . . . four feet to the minute . . . and body and entrails are already concealing the bare chassis. In go the engines, on go the fenders and wheels . . . one by one, with automatic precision. The noise is almost an even beat. Only the rivetters scream into the higher registers.

A heavily-built German is helping to fit in steering columns. The men working with him over the chassis seem greatly amused at what he is telling them, and the group stands out for an instant against the clamour and moving background.

The foreman has been watching them and walks up behind the German. He is well set-up himself, with a battered face.

'Quit that foolin' and get on with the job,' he orders, with tense muscles. The German looks up sideways and sneers. 'Shut your bloody mouth you verdomte—.' He uses a foul word. The men can't understand it but they snicker. One delayed minute and the foreman might just as well hand in his badge.

There is no hesitation. His lips shut tightly and his eyes narrow, he hurls a bunched hand



into the face of the other. The German falls heavily against a moving chassis, but is up in an instant with bloody mouth and raging eyes. He whips out a knife and makes a mad leap at the foreman. Again the fist flashes to the face and the blow thuds home with crunching impact. The German falls with his head towards the cement floor, but the foreman reaches over quickly and grabs him.

It is all over in perhaps two minutes and the line goes on. The chassis arrive at the turn-table at the right angle bend. The overhead pulleys grip the bodies in their padded teeth, and the trolleys bring them into position above their respective chassis. Then they are slipped on like lids, and the men bolt them into place.

\* \* \*

The whistle hoots and the shift changes. It is also the signal for the lunch hour for the salary roll employees and the half-hour of the foremen and shifts.

'Goddamit I told my son . . . no cadets for you . . . I've done all the fighting you'll ever do . . . and if the teacher wants to know who done said it, tell him to speak to me, see?'

If you didn't see you most certainly heard, for old Ed Moore the boiler-room engineer is an old salt with a roar like an angry lion. The small group in the lunch-room smile. They are discussing war and conscription. Without benefit of education in the academic sense. Yet with a much greater appreciation of the rhythm of realities. Yesterday they had been discussing sexual perversion. No mention of the term or of Havelock Ellis had been made, because they knew not . . . yet they quoted cases of the Jones' and the Smiths' with unconscious facility. Perhaps theory is only a web spun by the spider of historical experience.

A silence falls on them, and they attend to the business of eating. It is a tableau of strong jaws, powerful limbs and a species of content. Workers.

'S'pose we'll work on Good Friday,' remarks one of the foremen 'still I don't mind.'

'That's alright for you,' answers a palefaced billing clerk, half bitterly, 'but I don't get paid overtime.'

'You've got nothing to complain about,' pointed out the shipping foreman, 'you're getting full time. As soon as the season is over we'll be laid off while you'll only be on short time. And it's Hell when you've got a family.'

'There's something wrong somewhere,' muttered one of the men, crystallizing all their unspoken thoughts.

Their faces lower until they look once more like the men outside the gate. The enigma of unequal employment and unemployment has taken away the taste of the brown bread sandwiches.

\* \* \*

The line moves its cargo slowly forward. The cars are now at the finishing stage. Windshields, cushions, and mascots. It gradually approaches the wooden runway. Yet no trace of haste is apparent among the men. It is a swift symphony.

The front wheels tip over the side and commence to turn. The car tilts downwards. Then

at the exact moment a man swings himself behind the steering wheel and guides the car in the right direction.

The eight hours are gone. There is no over-time to tempt anyone to strain. The gates dribble a tired stream of men. A car that they have built stands at the kerb.

'Nice bus,' says one. 'Yeah! I'd like one myself,' says the other.

## THE SCOTT CENTENARY

SCOTT'S centenary has been celebrated in several ways. Edinburgh has had a pageant. There have been dinners and speeches. The novels have been reprinted, and we have had the usual crop of centenary essays, appreciations, and biographies. A new and greatly enlarged edition of Scott's letters, prepared by Professor Grierson, is a publication of first-class importance. More than one book of selections from the novels has been compiled which make it easy for the impatient modern reader to know some of the best things in Scott without risk of being bored. And, no doubt, some people, more old-fashioned or more heroic, have been led by the centenary to go through some of the old favourites from beginning to end.

After the lapse of a century some difficulties stand in the way of our enjoyment of the Waverley Novels. But many people decide too quickly and easily that there is no delight for them there. Because they have been bored at school by *Ivanhoe* they are discouraged from trying *The Heart of Midlothian*. It is worth asking such doubters if they know *The Two Drovers* and telling them, if they do not, that it will keep them only an hour from their absorbing modern tale of horror. Some fashions in fiction since Scott's day make parts of the Waverley Novels seem a little dull and insipid. After Henry James, Scott may appear boyish and obvious, though he is more subtle than is sometimes supposed. He is often leisurely and wasteful and neglects opportunities to entertain and thrill his reader. Some of Scott's own followers in the historical novel offer more showy wares than their master. Adventures come more quickly in Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*; Dumas has less history and more dialogue, more glitter and movement. Compare, for instance, the scheming on behalf of Queen Mary in *The Abbot* (though that, it is true, is not one of the best of the novels) with the plots to rescue Marie Antoinette in *Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge*. Scott's picture of the middle ages is very soberly coloured when put beside the lurid scenes in Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris*. Stevenson's *Kidnapped* has nobody like Rob Roy's wife to distress us with rhetoric and the style is never slipshod. The friend of Scott can afford to admit all this. He will be ready to admit, too, that the plots are often clumsy and only half command our belief, though there is no greater master of exciting incident among English novelists. The heroines are usually as uninteresting as the heroes (uninteresting to Scott as well as to us), and most

of the kings and queens are only half alive when compared with their models in Shakespeare's historical plays.

But how much in the novels is left untouched by all these criticisms! Mr. E. M. Forster can be as hard as he likes on the plot of *The Antiquary*. Nobody is anxious to defend it. But Jonathan Oldbuck and Edie Ochiltree are in the book too, and the Mucklebacks and their life does not depend on the weak and improbable plot. Dumas makes fewer demands on our patience, but how he would have vulgarized the trial of Effie Deans. There we see what Scott's imagination can do. For the scene between the sisters in the Tolbooth, Scott, as so often, draws on Shakespeare for help. He is thinking of Isabella and Claudio in *Measure for Measure*. But Scott's scene stands on its own feet, and in its turn aided Balzac in portraying the interview between Denise Tascheron and her brother. The novels

of seventeenth and eighteenth century Scotland have kept their freshness better than books like *Kenilworth* and *The Monastery*. We return to them, not so much for the historical scenes as for the secondary characters with their Scots dialogue which saves Scott from his besetting sin of rhetoric. No English novelist has more genial wealth of this sort. If Nanty Ewart, Cuddie Headrigg, Meg Dodd, Andrew Fairservice, Steenie Steenson, Robin Dig, Pleydell, and a score of others are not masterpieces of character-drawing where are they to be found in English prose? It is here that Scott is most like the creator of Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph.

One book of Scott's has never been belittled, his journal. It could have been written only by a great man. The greatness so quickly revealed there is also in the novels for anybody who has eyes to see and power to enjoy unobtrusive art.

R. K. GORDON

## MY MOST ENJOYABLE UTOPIAN

By PETER YATES

IT was while riding on the Toronto-Buffalo bus I made one of those pleasant momentary acquaintances that brighten our experience. The person was a short, rather slightly-built man of middle-age, neatly shaved and colourlessly dressed; and from his appearance, which did not of itself draw such attention, it would have been difficult to guess either his occupation or rank in life. I had the window-seat, and as he sat down beside me he nodded pleasantly.

He did not speak until we had been at least half-an-hour under way, but from his increasing restlessness and certain suggestive glances in my direction, I assumed he was planning to open a conversation.

An interurban bus has all the intimacy of a railway smoker. Stories and reminiscences are exchanged, and I have seen a man and a woman, who sat down strangers, wind up a three hour journey hand in hand. Stage-coach acquaintanceships may soon become again a common popular topic for our novelists. Unfortunately, the bare yard of a bus depot and the long quick-lunch counters of the stops have none of the cheery glamour of old post taverns. The freedom of ale is lacking. There is no hearth or host.

I was in the midst of these thoughts, when he spoke.

'There's never land in the world like that.'

He had a voice typically Canadian, Old Country accent mellowed by twenty years in the new land.

I turned and smilingly agreed: 'It's beautiful country.'

'You know,' he continued, 'I'm a farmer. Came out from the old land at nineteen. I've been working Canadian soil the best part of my life. There's never like it.'

There came to me abstract visions of great wheat-fields, of California's Imperial Valley blooming like the rose, of Kentish hops, and vineyards of the Midi, and Nile banks after flood.

'Do you think so?' I asked.

In answer there burst upon me the flood-gates of Utopia. As Plato might have spoken of his Republic, as Vergil of the Golden Age, or Bacon of his fabled New Atlantis, so did this Ontario farmer describe his homeland.

It is difficult for those of us who live in it to realize the manifold blessings that have been showered upon our province. Being like most college graduates a kind of sceptic, I hesitated to agree with such a 'cornusopic' vision of ease and plenty. I knew that many hundreds were out of work, that factories were closed down, that produce sold in the markets for less than cost. It soon became apparent that I was dealing with one who was more than any panegyrist of the soil, I was in the presence of a man with an idea. I settled myself more comfortably to listen.

He had been for over twenty years in Canada, during which time he had by constant labour and shrewd management contrived to gain possession of a large farm near Lake Ontario, and to bank a substantial amount that would increase with years. He was married and the father of three sons. And, as I have said, he had conceived a great idea, an ambition to the furtherance of which the rest of his life was dedicated.

'It's not,' he said, 'that I'm not satisfied for myself. I was born on a farm in the old land, and I'll be no more than a farmer all my life.'

'But when the first of my young lads began to walk and talk and get ready for going to school, I commenced to wonder what I should do for them to give them their start in a world that's bigger than the farm. A father, if he's sure of his own mind, can make his sons to be anything he may please. And I wanted my own lads to be started out towards something of value.'

'Here I'd a farm that pays for itself and puts a little in the bank for me besides each year, and I'd three sons who must somehow be equipped to

go ahead and live a more useful life than I could do. And about the time my eldest lad was ready for school I began to find the odd hour for reading a few books—not that I'm any hand for literary matters; but I began to see there's many a thing in books I'll never know; and to make a name for yourself you must know a good deal of whatever is in those books, and know where to look out the rest; and who, I figured, could know any more about books than the men who write them. So I decided to train my eldest lad to be a writer.

'A college man like you must think it rather amusing to hear a middle-aged, ignorant farmer—though I know my business well enough—telling you he's teaching his son to be a writer. You may object, too, to the way I've gone about to do it. Ever since he's been able to write sentences I've had him working at it. He brings his work in to me once a week, and I look over it. Common-sense can do it just as well as rules. I think that being a writer is not so uncommon a thing but what it can be mastered by hard work. He's at the school now, of course, and shows the work to his master; he shows it to me, too, and I'd tan his young hide should he skimp it.

'My second boy is to be taught painting. You may think painting a thing farmers don't know much about, less even than writing, but I'll tell you: from the time I look out the window at sunrise, when I'm in the cowshed, at meals, or in the field or orchard, till I sit up on my porch facing the lake at sunset and watch the dark come up, I'm always noticing the colour of sky and soil, and the sharp lines and shapes and designs of beams and animals and trees. I've not missed everything there's to be seen.

'I can't do much for him but keep him in colours and paper and put him at it to learn it out for himself. I'll have him away to art school when he's older.'

'And the youngest one,' I asked. 'What are you planning to make of him—a musician?'

'I hadn't thought much about him, for bothering over the others. It wasn't till last year I began to think of that. It was then we bought the radio. I didn't pay much thought to it at first. My wife ran it for her pleasure when she was working around the house. But one Sunday afternoon I was in the house myself and turned it on. They were playing what they called a symphony. It made me feel warm all over to listen to it, fiddles, you know, up in the air, and horns and drums. I've listened to it a good many times since. It's hard to understand what the sound means, though the announcer does his best to help you out, but you can feel a kind of meaning into it, if you listen; and often there are bird-calls or running-water or thunder to help you see it. You know this bit they call the 'Ride of the Valkyries,' thunder and lightning and horses' hoofs?'

'Yes, that's by Wagner.'

'I don't know who it's by or how it's done, but there it is. I began to think how nice it would be to have my third boy a musician, like that.'

'But music isn't like writing or art, it seems to

me. It's something you have to feel. Nobody can train you to feel it, if you don't have it naturally. I don't think the little lad is like that. The other two keep in the house or go off to school, but he follows me out into the fields and plays working beside me.

'It may be I'll not train him to be anything more than I am, a farmer in good country. I wouldn't want him working in the city in an office, even for better pay. The other pair won't need to. I've been putting away in the bank to take care of them, and the farm will go on producing. So long as they keep to working with their writing and painting they'll never need to worry about money. I'll pay them as good salaries as they could get elsewhere, within reason. If they don't keep at it, they'll not get a penny. They needn't make a success of it, to go on earning their pay. I'm thinking by that time they'll be so tied up in their work they won't care else. They'll have to make good to satisfy themselves.

'The little lad—I'll keep him on at the farm, I suppose. He'll carry on paying for the other two, when I'm past seeing to it. It's not so humble a life he'll have on the farm. He'll know to read better than I, to seek out more colours, to listen to the radio every Sunday afternoon, ay, and some evenings. The farm's not so shut off now, as it was. He'll learn, perhaps, to enjoy things as much as I'd like to. It's the whole good of life, is the enjoyment.'

There was more—oh, supplementary data, ideas; but that was the gist of it all, to equip his sons with the means of giving and receiving more enjoyment than was possible for him. And yet, despite his occasional apologies for what he called his 'rough farm speech,' I doubt if any one of his three sons will have more thorough ability to enjoy than did their father. For that matter, he is the most enjoyable Utopian I have ever met.




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THE CANADIAN FORUM, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.





## X

J. W. DAFOE

THAT the *Winnipeg Free Press* is the only newspaper in Canada which exercises anything approaching to a national influence; that its editorial page forms the one indispensable item of daily reading for everyone who professes to take an intelligent interest in Canadian public affairs; and that its editor, J. W. Dafoe, is our outstanding Canadian journalist, are facts which are now known to all and need not be enlarged upon here. Indeed Mr. Dafoe's preeminence in Canadian journalism has been so frequently proclaimed by his fellow newspapermen that one is led to wonder why so few of them pay him that sincerest form of compliment which consists in imitating his example.

The position which the *Free Press* has made for itself affords another disproof of the almost universal superstition among modern journalists that what people want nowadays is not editorial guidance but news. As a collector of news the *Free Press* ranks fairly high according to Canadian standards, though that is no great praise. Its press gallery correspondence from Ottawa has always been very good; and it is not altogether accidental that in the new field upon which Canadian papers have been venturing recently—that of special correspondence from Washington—the despatches that come to the *Free Press* and the other Sifton papers are easily the best received in Canada. But it is not its news which has made it preeminent, it is its editorial page. The long leading article which appears every morning has made it the moulder of the public opinion of Western Canada. For the past generation now it has been generally true that what the *Free Press* thinks today, Western Canada will think tomorrow and the intelligent part of Eastern Canada will think a few years hence. This is an influence which has never been enjoyed by any other Canadian newspaper save by George Brown's *Globe* in the 50's and 60's and 70's of the last century.

No one is ever in any doubt as to where Mr. Dafoe stands on public issues. And anyone who makes a practice of reading several Canadian newspapers will testify how he has got into the habit of waiting to see what the *Free Press* says on a subject, whether he agrees with it or not. The quality which makes its editorial page unique in Canada is its straightforward clear-cut definiteness of statement, its abhorrence of rhetoric and cant, and its editor's ability to say what he thinks in the fewest possible words. One doesn't seek in it the graceful style, the lightness of touch, or the subtle irony which made the *Manchester*

*Guardian* of Scott and Montagu the finest of all English-speaking newspapers. But it displays the same persistent and fearless championship of liberal principles, and the same unfailing ability to sweep aside the irrelevancies which may obscure a question and to go straight to the heart of the matter.

Moreover, Mr. Dafoe has been a fighter all his life. He is more mellow now than in the days when he was assailing the Roblin-Rogers gang, but it has always been his practice to hit straight and hit hard and keep on hitting. In journalism, as in other walks of life, the man who is afraid of making enemies will never make followers. This simple fact goes a long way to explain why Mr. Dafoe has more followers among the younger generation than any other living Canadian—journalist, politician, author, or preacher.

The secret of a good style is to have something to say. And to have something to say on public affairs one must have developed the habits of the student. Any reader of the *Free Press* who keeps in touch, however imperfectly, with the succession of books and periodicals which appear on English, American, and international politics must have been struck by the frequency with which he finds that the writer of its leading article has been reading the most recent authoritative study on some particular question. This is an experience which one seldom enjoys in reading any other Canadian paper. Broadly speaking, our Canadian editors do not read anything except the products of their fellow editors' pens; their intellectual life is a monotonous process of taking in one another's washing. And Canadian newspaper reporters almost without exception think that they have found out everything that there is to know on any assignment when they have nosed around a few offices and picked up some 'inside' gossip. This is the ultimate reason why Canadian newspapers are the worst in the English-speaking world. And it is because they have never been guilty of this intellectual laziness that the only two living Canadian journalists whom an intelligent man can read with unfailing enjoyment and profit are Mr. Dafoe writing in English and Mr. Bourassa writing in French.

It is because he is a student (incidentally, he is not a University graduate) that Mr. Dafoe has been able to contribute to the literature of politics the series of books which will keep his name familiar to students long after he has ceased to write editorials. His little book on Laurier seems to me the most penetrating study that has been written of Laurier or of any other Canadian public man. His three lectures on Canada in the Harris Foundation series are likely to remain the best and fairest expression of Canadian nationalism in our generation. His biography of Sifton has already taken its place among the small handful of really first-class studies of the art of politics which we have produced in Canada. And everyone hopes that before he lays down his pen for good Mr. Dafoe will find leisure to give us his own *Reminiscences* of the past generation in Canadian public life. He has been behind the scenes in most of the critical events of our era from Reciprocity to the constitutional crisis of

1926, and has played his part in the making and unmaking of more than one government. He owes the Canadian people a book like Mr. J. A. Spender's *Life, Journalism, and Politics*.

The sociological historian would at this point remark that the particular qualities of mind and the particular attitude toward public questions which Mr. Dafoe's career has exemplified would never have developed so strongly nor reached such perfect expression save in the favourable environment of Western Canada at the beginning of the twentieth century. And undoubtedly the *Free Press* has been so influential just because it has expressed so completely all that is best and most characteristic in the community of which it is a part.\* The position of Winnipeg for the past generation affords an interesting parallel to the position of Toronto in the generation after 1850. Like Toronto in those days it has been in our day the intellectual as well as the commercial and financial capital of the young, vigorous, self-confident, ever expanding, wheat-farming West. The *Free Press* of Mr. Dafoe, like George Brown's *Globe*, found itself in the part of the country which was growing most rapidly and living most intensely, and which was conscious (perhaps over-conscious) that the contribution which it was making to the national life had more than anything else to do with determining the future destiny of the country. Like the *Globe*, the *Free Press*, in becoming the champion of the interests and the aspirations of its constituency, stood nearly always for causes which were, in the truest sense, national as well as sectional. It fought for the equalitarian social democracy of the wheat-farmer against plutocratic domination by privileged interests in the East. Just as the *Globe* looked beyond the sectional limits of Upper and Lower Canada in the 1850's and became the first champion of westward expansion, so the *Free Press*, speaking for a community which sells its product in world markets, has preached the gospel that Canada must again expand her outlook and become conscious of her membership in a world community. And like the *Globe* in pre-confederation days the *Free Press* has led the campaign for autonomy from the Colonial Office and for friendship with the United States.

But that organic relationship of Winnipeg with its prairie constituency is gradually being broken down. New transportation developments destroy its dominance as a distributing centre; and rivals spring up in Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, and Edmonton. Transportation also finds new outlets for wheat in Vancouver and Fort Churchill. Most significant of all, the new radical political movements among the farmers which find expression in the U.F.A. and the U.F.C. look for leadership not to Winnipeg but to Calgary and Saskatoon. The *Free Press* is not very sym-

pathetic with them and remains detached and critical. As for Winnipeg herself she begins to dream not of wheat but of the untapped resources of the pre-Cambrian belt in Northern Manitoba. She has visions of becoming rich from mining and manufacturing, just as Toronto grew fat and comfortable upon the wealth of Northern Ontario. And as the visions are realized in the next generation the mind of Winnipeg will gradually change. No longer the alert aggressive champion of agrarian democracy, she will acquire the mentality of a community of stock-brokers and company promoters. In due course, combining this with the Scotch moral unction which she inherited from the Selkirk settlers, (which is not essentially different from the Anglican moral unction that Toronto inherited from the U. E. Loyalists), she will become another Toronto. Her streets will be wider but her mind will be as narrow as the mind of that Ontario metropolis which was once in her day also the Queen City of the West. For, as Rupert Brooke pointed out twenty years ago, it is the sad fate of every Canadian town, as it grows older and bigger, to become more and more like Toronto.

And the *Free Press*? Will it go the way of the *Globe* as its city repeats the history of Toronto? Not as long as Mr. Dafoe is in charge. Yet it must be confessed that there is a vein of sentimentalism in Mr. Dafoe just as there was a strong element of romantic sentimentalism in George Brown. For the terrible results of an inheritance of sentimentalism see the *Globe* of our day. In his early years, apparently, Mr. Dafoe used to write poetry. A little while ago, when working through the files of *The Week*—the organ of Canadian intellectuals in the 1880's—I came across a tender ballad by J. W. Dafoe of Montreal. It was about a fair maiden who waited sadly by the seaside for the return of her beloved, who alas would never return, for the ocean waves had swallowed him. As an admirer and friend of Mr. Dafoe I shall never reveal the date of the issue of *The Week* in which that youthful effort lies hidden. Yet should it not be remarked that, like the young lady of his poem, he himself is today waiting rather sadly for the return of his beloved—Cobdenite liberalism, which is also irrevocably dead? I fear that this sentimental yearning of his may make him subject to hallucinations as he grows older, and that one of these days he will be assuring us that at last he recognizes his beloved returned to life again in the Liberal party of Mr. Mackenzie King.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL



\*One of the characteristics of our modern capitalistic system is that great journalism is seldom to be found in communities which are dominated by plutocracy and in which the function of the journalist becomes the grinding out of propaganda for his plutocratic employers. At its best such journalism will not rise higher than the dull respectability of a *Montreal Gazette*; at its worst it results in a Lord Atholstan and a *Montreal Star*.

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## TO THE FUTURE WOMAN

I salute you, Woman of the Future,  
 Creature majestic, in your own rights!  
 I see you come before me, and I am lost in wonder,  
 At your beauty, your strength, your assurance,  
 your freedom.

(Not a part on your body, that quivers with desire!)  
 All is silent and firm!  
 And I perceive smooth-working muscles,  
 Gliding beneath your sun-tanned coat of skin,  
 Glorious Motherhood, and its reception,  
 Is imprinted on your rich resourceful form,  
 O you, who are not male, but fully female,  
 A Being just as grand in your own rights!

Each breast full and firm, Each limb taut and  
 eager,

Wide boned hips, durable and staple, equal to all  
 trial,

A basin of solid structure for future bearing;  
 Buttocks, firm and elastic,

Rounded, but not with flabby, overburdening  
 tissue,

Graceful ankles, long ligaments, distended calf  
 muscles,

A narrowing proportionate waist,—

Broad burden-sharing shoulders,

Arms, long, aesthetically concealing

A group of well oiled muscles, that give it form  
 and substance.

Fingers, useful, clever, long, artistic,

Broad, expansive chest whose rhythmic movement  
 Sings out your love of life,

Your hearty, joyous love of life,—

And O! your neck, exquisite pillar of grace!

That leads to the untold treasures of your face  
 and head. ....

I follow with my eyes, the rounded links of your  
 throat,

Until, I reach your symmetrical, clearly carved  
 chin,

From which hangs no double divisions of fat,  
 A chin of grace, a chin of beauty, a chin of will  
 and purpose,

A worthy support of your healthy, laughter-  
 glowing lips,

Whose well defined lines expound, your clear-cut,  
 sensual-free thoughts.

Your nose long enough, to be impressive and  
 commanding,

Yet not long enough to be overbearing and dis-  
 cordant,

Your nose perfect on your profile, inflating,  
 dilating,

Sensitive to every motion of the breath of life,  
 You draw within you.

Your forehead, a rounded temple of grace and  
 wisdom,

A smooth covered dome of contemplation,

An index of your eternal mother understanding,  
 And beautiful thoughts.

Your eyes a thousand liquid lights, with all the  
 multi-varied shades,

That lie between the mysteries of light and  
 shadow.

And your hair freely thrown back from your  
 finely-hewn face,  
 Is the halo that completes your beauty.

All this, I see, in a resplendent and wonderful  
 form,

Yet not so wonderful as the mind of her,

Who controls and has dominion over it,

And every manifestation of it.

She no longer bears a child, because of lustful  
 craving,

That transcends her wishes, and enslaves her to  
 its will.

She bears, because of the instigation of that mind,  
 Who understands, and sees, who wishes and  
 demands,

With reason as much as emotion for prerogative.  
 She does honour to all mankind, the Mother

Woman,

The eternal source of all life, and all future life,  
 With her magnificent mind and body.

And have I said she is beautiful?

Yet is she never so beautiful as when I see her  
 with man,

Her co-equal, perfect lover, and husband.

Only then, is her true picture completed,

O! amorous flesh, uniting the God spirit of Love,

With the God spirit of Nature,

O! Flesh, fulfilling the laws of Heaven and Earth!

JENA SIVITZ.



## POLITICS IN THE NEAR EAST

NATIONALISM AND IMPERIALISM IN THE HITHER  
 EAST, by Hans Kohn, translated by Margaret M.  
 Green (London, Routledge, 1932; pp. 339).

THE SPIRIT OF WORLD POLITICS, with Special  
 Studies of the Near East, by William Ernest  
 Hocking (New York, Macmillan, 1932; pp. 571;  
 \$5.00).

UNTIL these books appeared a few months  
 ago, students of Near Eastern affairs felt  
 an acute need for two things. They lacked  
 a reliable, up-to-date, chronological account, in one  
 volume, of post-war political developments in the  
 Arabic-speaking world; this Dr. Kohn has now  
 supplied. In the light of what has actually  
 happened since the peace settlement, students have  
 also required a re-examination of the doctrine of  
 European responsibility for the welfare of Near  
 Eastern peoples; this second need Dr. Hocking  
 has met. Although Dr. Kohn is the political  
 theorist as much as he is the recorder of events,  
 it remains true that *Nationalism and Imperialism  
 in the Hither East* has special value because of  
 the continuity, clearness, and impartiality of the  
 historical record it provides; similarly, although  
 Dr. Hocking has interspersed his philosophical  
 studies with very substantial readings in narrative  
 history, the chief function of *The Spirit of World  
 Politics* is to stimulate critical reflection concern-



ing the basis of Western intervention in the Near East. It is a happy coincidence that brings these mutually supplementary works to the reading public almost simultaneously.

Dr. Kohn's book is not reminiscent, in the sense that J. de V. Loder's much-consulted text was, of the language of official reports of British and French administrators; nor does it smack of the full-formed and often intolerant opinions of various foreign settlements in the Levant, as is the case in a number of other recent works on the Near East. It has a freshness that comes of a genuine, scholarly, and far-from-condescending interest in what Arabic-speaking peoples are doing toward their own advancement. Dr. Kohn has taken advantage of his years of residence in Jerusalem to study at close range the purposes and ideas of Arab and Egyptian leaders themselves, and ascribes to their influence a broader scope than do the rank and file of British commentators. In this respect his attitude is comparable to that of Dr. Arnold J. Toynbee, whose admirable reports on various occasions for the Royal Institute of International Affairs have hitherto been among the few sources to which British readers could turn for a sympathetic treatment of general political activity in the Near East.

Like almost every other writer who has studied the mandated territories from within, Dr. Kohn is convinced that extraordinarily powerful moral temptations hinder the mandatory powers from exercising trusteeship on behalf of the rest of the civilized world in this region in the full spirit of the League Covenant. This is one reason why the peoples liberated by the Allies from Ottoman domination have advanced so much more slowly, both politically and socially, than has Turkey itself. It is one reason, also, why Syria, with its relatively high cultural standards, is still without benefit of the self-government it craves, although the relatively backward people of Iraq are about to see their representatives admitted to the League Assembly on a basis of theoretical equality with the delegates of other countries. It is one reason, again, why Palestine is still administered in much the same fashion as a crown colony, although it was comprehended originally among those territories whose independence, according to the League Covenant, was to be recognized provisionally, subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance until such time as they were able to stand alone. The West, Dr. Kohn finds, has been slow to recognize the profoundness of the changes that have affected the thought and will of Arabic-speaking peoples; Europe's behaviour lags far behind the requirements of the times. Yet undoubtedly, he says, some progress has been made since Versailles, Sévres, and San Remo. At the conclusion of his book he pleads for a more responsive adaptation to the processes of growth at work in the Hither East, for policies of understanding free from the entangling arguments of self-interest, and for 'a wise and prompt renunciation of intervention.' A mine of information is contained in the long notes appended to the volume, while an excellent bibliography indicates the available literature on his subject.

One who opens Dr. Hocking's book on *The Spirit of World Politics* realizes almost immediately that he is plunging into a feast of English prose such as students of contemporary affairs—and students of philosophy also, be it added—too often starve for. Skilled in the art of happy expression, a man who has a profound knowledge of human beings, of what moves them and of what limits them, a philosopher with a subtle, whimsical, affectionate, yet biting humour, Dr. Hocking has evidently built his book on a foundation of more than ordinarily careful enquiry. To an alert reader, for all its minimizing of foot-notes, *The Spirit of Modern Politics* shows evidence of an industrious examination of available documents on the Near East, their assimilation in a sense that the too-numerous card-index historians of our day never dream of taking time for, and a painstaking sifting, weighing, testing, and fitting-together of information before ever pen was touched to paper. Maturity of reflection meets one everywhere, particularly in the brilliantly apposite phrases that add charm and piquancy to an unusually pleasing literary style.

Dr. Hocking begins with an examination of the quality of backwardness, and of the standards by which it is ordinarily measured. He suggests that conventional standards are perhaps a little too local and relative to enjoy that absolute validity attributed to them by current assumption.

He goes on to recount certain phases of the struggle Near Eastern peoples have been put to in order to assert their right to develop along lines chosen by themselves. Egypt, Palestine, and Syria are the countries to which he gives the most extended consideration. His description of the functioning of the League mandates commission in this connection has a quiet pungency which will delight anyone who has chafed, for academic or practical reasons, at the limitations of the mandate system. It may even be enjoyed by some of the members of the mandates commission themselves, who understand as well as anyone the restrictions under which they work. There is a briefer section on the B and C mandates in Africa and Polynesia and on the problem of forced labour. Finally, well after his discussion of problems of nationalism and of self-determination, comes an examination of the ethics of unequal international relationships. He asks whether there is such a thing as a moral code for states, reflects on the ethical queeriness of states, and discusses the role of the League in developing a political ethic. Many will regard as the sounding-board of the entire book a chapter Dr. Hocking has included on the fate of Islamic culture. There is no doubt that this puts very poignantly two of the main questions the author has in mind: What is lost by Western intervention in the Near East? Has Western intervention a valid ethical purpose? But it must not be forgotten that this particular chapter does not touch a third question he has also asked, namely, whether intervention in the Arabic-speaking world has damaged the integrity of the interventionist states themselves. To sum up, one might say that Dr. Hocking's enquiries are an effective antidote to public smugness engendered

by a natural difficulty we experience in criticizing political arrangements believed to be to the advantage of our own Western civilization.

ELIZABETH P. MACCALLUM

### THE MID-VICTORIANS

THE EIGHTEEN-SIXTIES: Essays by the Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature, edited by John Drinkwater (Cambridge University Press—Macmillans in Canada; pp. x, 292; \$3.75).

THE aim of the series in which this is the third volume is excellent. English criticism of Victorian literature has been chiefly the re-interpretation of the major poets, novelists, and prophets; and the literary by-ways of the age have been allowed to remain dark and untraversed. 'The intention of each of these volumes,' says the editor, 'is to give nothing like an exhaustive survey, but a faithful impression of the period in question, and further, to give this impression without re-examining the major writers whose work is familiarly known to everyone who cares about literature at all.' The intention has been adhered to in the present collection more faithfully than in either of the others.

There are four portraits of individuals—Mr. Humbert Wolfe writes of Clough, Professor Lascelles Abercrombie of Sir Henry Taylor, Mr. Walter de la Mare of Wilkie Collins, and Mr. Drinkwater of Eneas Sweetland Dallas. Mr. Drinkwater has made a rich find: Dallas is just the kind of writer who needs to be rescued from his obscurity. 'Of several English scholars to whom I put the question,' says Mr. Drinkwater, 'not one had ever heard of Dallas's name.' He was the author of three books—two on criticism, one on cookery; *The Gay Science* (criticism not cookery), published in 1866, is the book for which Mr. Drinkwater campaigns. And since almost all his readers will never have heard of the book—or will judge it to be a translation from Nietzsche—Mr. Drinkwater quotes copiously from it in the endeavour to prove that Dallas's powers of reasoning and phrasing entitle him to be read. There is no copy of *The Gay Science* accessible to me; and I can only say that if Mr. Drinkwater has played fair in the choice of quotations *The Gay Science* is a neglected masterpiece. His own essay is a model of exposition. Mr. Abercrombie's essay is not quite so good; his aim is to make a case for Taylor as a poetic dramatist and particularly as an analyst of political motives. Such a case must, as he sees, rest mainly on the play *Philip Van Artevelde*, published in the 'thirties; and Mr. Abercrombie seems never quite to make up his mind whether his essay is essentially a study of that play or of the lesser things which come in the 'sixties. In the passages in which he really comes to grips with *Philip Van Artevelde* he is his usual luminous and discerning self. In the essay on Clough Mr. Wolfe, as in his recent monograph on Tennyson, ruins a good case by the most reckless overstatement. He is indignant, with good reason, that Clough should be generally deemed the very incarnation of honest earnest doubt, and a man with rich stores of goodness for

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which he could find no adequate use. The breezy poetry of *The Bothie* and the many acrid and flippant passages in *Dipsychus* give the lie to such a conception of Clough. So far so good; but Mr. Wolfe means us to go much farther. All that is earnest and pious and wooden in Clough is, he contends, just the bedevilling influence of the age, just a superficial protective colouring. Mr. Wolfe is as much to be blamed for this simplification as the older critics he attacks. Whatever may be the truth about Clough, his was not a simple nature, and the strains of paganism and Hebraism are both essential parts of it. Mr. de la Mare's study of Wilkie Collins is a somewhat formless mixture of biography and analysis, and closes with the expected plea for more romance and more wonder.

There are four studies of literary types—Mr. C. L. Graves writes of *Punch*, and of humour, in the decade in question, Professor Boas of history, Sir Oliver Lodge of science, and Mr. Granville-Barker of farce. All that need be said of Mr. Granville-Barker's study of the growth of farce to its culmination in Gilbert is that he has had all the labour and we have all the pleasure; material hauled from the lumber-room has rarely been so attractive. Mr. Graves, being a retainer of Mr. *Punch*, is a special pleader; if the text of *Punch* seventy years ago was as witty as it is today and still is readable, certain of the cuts reproduced here are very heavy-handed and stuffy. Sir Oliver Lodge links the practical science of the 'sixties with the new theories in a striking essay; and some of his asides, as when he shows Lord Kelvin, twenty-five years after Clerk Maxwell's *Memoir* was published, incapable of comprehending the new equations, are of the first interest. Lord Kelvin he observes 'was an exceptional man, who found it easier to work things out for himself than to read other people's work.' Of this group of four, Professor Boas's essay is the most important. The 'sixties saw a capital change in the writing of history—a new scope and a new method as Mr. Boas puts it. With Buckle came the insistence that battles and constitutions and individuals were but a few and not the most significant of the historian's materials; history must comprehend the history of mind and the history of matter and all their interactions. This section of Mr. Boas's essay would have gained by a confrontation of Buckle's theories with Taine's, since both derived in large part from Comte and Taine's were the better worked out. So much for the new scope; the new methods were no less valuable. In 1864, William Stubbs began his long and fruitful connection with the *Rolls* Series; in 1866 he came to the Oxford chair of modern history; and in both activities he gave an immense impetus to the use of manuscripts.

One essay remains. Sir John Fortescue has written what is nominally a study of the novels of George Whyte-Melville. It is really an apology and a threnody for the country-gentleman. The fox-hunting squire and laird and parson have seldom been treated with such reverent affection. Sir John Fortescue frankly says that it was they who made the empire what it is, that railways and reform-bills and 'radical manufacturers' are

baleful things because between them they have done for the squirearchy. In a world of 'urban agitators' Sir John is ill at ease; the townsfolk are spreading over the countryside and reducing the country people 'to their own degrading level'; and in a pathetic closing sentence he prays that he may be delivered from a world in which Mob is King. While Sir John has been absorbed in the writing of his erudite *History of the British Army* he has become an anachronism; but from a narrowly literary point of view his essay is incomparably the best in the volume. Seldom have grace and force, irony and tenderness, fact and fancy, come into such happy combination.

E. K. BROWN

### AN ECONOMIC EXPERT

PAPERS ON GOLD AND THE PRICE LEVEL, by Sir Josiah Stamp (P. S. King; pp. x, 127; 7/6).

MR. BENNETT does not ordinarily seek advice. It is therefore a great feather in Sir Josiah Stamp's cap that our Prime Minister has occasionally consulted him on economic questions, and has even extended a gracious patronage to his economic opinions. This alone is enough to secure him a hearing in Canada. In other countries his views will command attention as those of a director of the Bank of England, a very successful president and general manager of the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway, one of the authors of the Dawes Plan, and a member of the staff of the London School of Economics.

This book is divided into two parts; the first a collection of eight separate papers, the second an *apologia pro vita sua* with copious extracts from the author's miscellaneous writings and speeches.

The papers in part one are of very unequal worth, and it is not easy to see what principle governed the selection. The first three, for example, are apparently meant to be simple explanations, for the layman, of the main economic effects of changes in the price level. Yet they are highly allusive, presupposing some acquaintance with economics, more especially with index numbers. The result is, to use Sir Josiah's own phrase, that 'they simply do not "bite".' The argument is sound, and to the economist plain enough, but superfluous, to the ordinary reader it may easily prove at times rather puzzling. On the other hand, numbers four, five, and six set out to do the same work and do it admirably.

To take another instance; what is the relevance of number eight, 'Taxation, Risk-Taking and the Price Level?' Sir Josiah says he included it because he believes it deals with the curious notion that trade is good or bad according to absolute levels of prices and not to changes from one to the other. In fact it is a highly technical wrangle with Mr. D. H. Robertson over the interpretation of the Marshallian scriptures, reminiscent of the scholastic discussions of how many angels could stand on the point of a needle, and about equally fruitful. Without Mr. Robertson's paper at hand for detailed comparison, it is unintelligible, and



in any case its value is doubtful, since Sir Josiah bases his argument on the statement that 'the costs of the marginal producer determine price,' a notion which one would think Professor Cassel's criticism had rendered obsolete. Anyhow the whole performance seems out of place here.

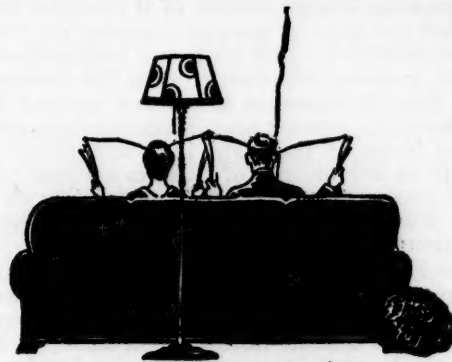
The only other paper in part one whose conclusions are likely to be challenged by economists is number seven, 'The Trade Depression, its Causes and Cures.' In the first place, the statement on p. 56 that Great Britain is 'attempting to maintain a standard of real wages and real income which is economically unbalanced relative to her output per hour with the rest of Europe,' is open to question, and the implication that one way out is to reduce wages is seriously misleading. The most probable result would be what Mr. Maxton has aptly called an 'international starvation race.'

Second, when Sir Josiah remarks on p. 60, 'Profit is the mainspring of the whole economic machine in the whole world outside Russia. Damage profits and you damage wages and employment. It is absolutely essential to progress that business should make good profits,' he does not seem to realize that he is merely laying bare the limitations of the liberal capitalist mind, and raising the insistent question, 'Need profit be the mainspring of the economic system?' To be sure, he could hardly ask this question of the Oldham Chamber of Commerce to which he was speaking, but he might at least have shown here or elsewhere that he was aware it existed.

Third, his arguments for what he justly calls 'the third-rate expedient' of 'emergency' tariffs are almost unbelievably lame and naive. He agrees that tariffs are one of the main causes of the economic collapse, that their multiplication is 'full of danger,' that 'it is the universal experience that a tariff cannot be properly devised by our political machine in the single economic interests of the country and kept politically undebauched,' and that 'no one has ever had the intelligence or the pluck to take duties off at the right time.' (Strange doctrines from an adviser of Mr. Bennett!) Nevertheless he advocates a special temporary tariff on iron and steel, and a general uniform tariff on all other imports. Why?

As to iron and steel he gives two reasons. First, 'the iron and steel industry is basic to our country's prosperity.' This, as Professor Robbins observes of a similar argument for agricultural protection in a recent number, of the *Political Quarterly*, is 'sheer mysticism.' On rational economic grounds there is no more and no less reason for a tariff on iron and steel than there might be for a tariff on anything else. The second reason is that the iron and steel industry needs rationalizing but can't rationalize itself without some such assurance of a market as a temporary tariff would give. This reason, however, is obviously subsidiary. It assumes that the iron and steel industry is economically worth preserving, and that it will not need more than temporary protection; two propositions which Sir Josiah makes not the faintest attempt to prove.

The general emergency tariff was to serve two purposes; to bring the price level back to the



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1928 figure, and to re-establish the equilibrium between the foreign lending of the London money market and the real savings available for foreign investment:—'London is the vast lending machine which goes on relentlessly, often for a considerable time, independent of our real savings being of the right amount and independent of our exports being of the right kind and price. The strain on our balance of trade is a strain on our gold reserves and a constant temptation to keep the international balance right by adversely changing the conditions of industry here. This is obviously the wrong way round. But if by discouraging some measure of imports we can use some of the interest accruing to us abroad for investment abroad instead of bringing it home, the strain may be lessened on the London gold reserve.' (p. 61). The most obvious criticism of this is that the action suggested will not necessarily be equally appropriate to both ends. Sir Josiah insists that his tariff is to be only temporary, that it would disappear automatically the moment the index number got back to its 1928 level. But is there any reason to suppose that the disequilibrium between foreign lending and real savings will be obliging enough to right itself at the same moment? Second, Sir Josiah makes clear neither why it would be advantageous to reinvest the interest on foreign loans, nor why a decrease in imports would increase the balance available for foreign lending. On the contrary, 'In the ordinary way the diminution in imports must reduce exports, but *I am satisfied* that the conditions now existing will permit of this effect not necessarily taking place for several years at least.' (p. 63, italics mine). That is all; not a syllable of explanation, nothing but an invitation, in the manner of Mr. Bennett or Lord Beaverbrook, to take his word for it that the inevitable will not happen 'for several years at least.' Finally even if the scheme did increase real savings, what is to prevent London from continuing to overlend? The whole proposal seems at best irrelevant to this purpose.

The real moral of the passage quoted from p. 61 would seem to be rather the necessity of controlling foreign lending or abandoning the gold standard. But Sir Josiah, at least when he wrote this book would contemplate neither. He preferred the admittedly 'third-rate' and 'dangerous' experiment of a 'temporary' tariff. He 'would meet the temptation to manipulate it in various interests by keeping the duty general and uniform'—in other words, by simple exorcism—and 'meet the difficulty of duration by making the removal dependent upon a fact (the recovery of the index number and the 1928 figure) not upon a political whim. The onus will be to *reimpose* and not to take off.' (pp. 61-62). Why this should offer better security against the machinations of tariff-created vested interests he does not explain; and he confesses that his belief that it would 'no doubt sounds very Utopian to the cynical.' Recent tariff orgies in Great Britain make further comment invidious.

The unevenness which characterizes part one is almost entirely absent from part two. These extracts, with their connecting comment, are on

the whole and within definite limits, full of 'excellent good sense.' There are occasional lapses as in the 'Evidence before the Committee on War Wealth,' which is hard to follow without its context. From time to time also Sir Josiah strays into the insidious quicksands of metaphor, as on p. 88: 'To take off temporary inflation before it has had time to harden into its full effects in our social system is no more real deflation than blowing froth off a pot of beer is drinking the beer.' This comes perilously near nonsense. The advocacy of some deflation is hardly consistent with some of the author's later views, but part two is meant to be a record of development and change.

No praise can be too high for the passages in which Sir Josiah examines the question of England's return to the gold standard in 1925, (pp. 99-114) and the working of the post-war gold standard. It is melancholy to see how often Sir Josiah, like Mr. Keynes, has played Cassandra. In this respect the 'Addendum to the Report of a Court of Inquiry in the Coal Industry, 1925' ranks with Mr. Keynes' classic *Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill*; and the 'Speech to the Economic League at Bolton, 1927' (pp. 115-122) is a masterpiece on war debts, reparations, and tariffs, which protectionists especially would do well to ponder. Of the whole I should make only one criticism. If, as Sir Josiah admits, the gold standard is neither automatic nor a safeguard against disastrous price fluctuations; if, to work satisfactorily it must be 'managed' by the central banks; then why is it necessary to stick to gold at all? If we have enough intelligence to 'manage' a gold standard, haven't we enough to 'manage' a currency without gold?

E. A. FORSEY

#### MORE CANUCK BARDS

THE WHITE BIRD, by Gertrude Bartlett (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 57; \$1.50).

THE RICH FISHERMAN, by Eric Duncan (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 113; \$1.50).

LIFE AND THE LAND WE LOVE, by Charles Benedict (pp. 104).

**I** HAVE Mr. Chas. Benedict's word for it that I, being a Critic, am a human crow, who 'think it worth my while to find the mote that's in my brother's eye'; which, I confess, I do, with the generous hope that it may sometimes be worth my brother's while too. At any rate, I have at hand a pile of rather inferior Canadian verse, and even though it 'serves only to expose my own mean mind' I propose to perch myself on their white house-bane and pike their eyes out one by one in the public interest. I sometimes wonder whether it is worth any critic's or reader's while to take any notice of such ephemeral stuff as we have here, but the caution, 'lest thou also be like unto him' is overcome by the injunction, 'lest he be wise in his own conceit.'

Gertrude Bartlett, who offers *The White Bird*, and other poems, is said in the introduction to be a true bard, who makes a murmuring tone on the lute, the harp, the zither, the viol, and the psaltery. She is also said to belong to the order of Marjorie Pickthall. If she does, then I belong to the order

of Sainte Beuve. But I do not place much reliance on that hope, for she is also said to come with the mysticism of Blake, and anything less like Blake the eye of man has probably never seen. The truth of the matter is that she writes properly rhymed verse in lines of correct length, neither very good nor very bad, very profound nor very light, very musical nor very harsh. It is a good book to give to maiden, or married, aunts who claim to be fond of poetry.

In *The Rich Fisherman*, and *The Sheep Thief*, Eric Duncan scrambles a long way after E. J. Pratt, frequently begging a lift from Sir Walter Scott. He has a considerable gusto, a feeling for the picturesque and an eye for a good wild rip-roaring story. These two longish narratives, for all their too frequent triteness of expression, sustain the interest well, and are much the best of the collection. The book is apparently a first venture, though not a youthful one. It seems premature. It lacks economy of craftsmanship, and conviction of poetic insight: its faults are not so much of crudeness as of pat and flaccid rhetoric. The 'rustic rhymes' bear the mark of actuality, but are rather ponderous and verbose. On the whole, the book exhibits a slight but decent rhyming talent that should have been kept for the amusement of friends, and never asked to bear the weight of book publication.

Charles Benedict, with a generosity for which he will get little gratitude, I fear, gives the public an assortment of gushing and flimsy rhymes that apparently burst from his heart like showers from the clouds of summer whenever he sees a newspaper. Most of it is hopeless stuff, horridly fluent, superficial, and sentimental, lacking in self-criticism, with neither the charm of taste nor the gusto of full-bawling vulgarity. Rather a pity, for occasionally, when he gets worked up about social injustices, if his ideas were less muddled, he could be almost eloquent, and 'Cain' on the whole looked as if he might have had something more to him if he had been a good deal harsher with himself.

L. A. MACKAY

#### CONTRIBUTORS

B. GLUCKMAN lives in Toronto. He is a South African and has sailed five of the seven seas.

LOUIS HAMILTON, who is a Reader at the University of Berlin, contributed the article 'A Great Canadian Book' which appeared in our May issue.

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Henry James, the Essential Novelist,

by Pelham Edgar

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## SHORT NOTICES

**PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE**, by L. M. Fraser (Day to Day Pamphlets; Hogarth Press; paper pp. 52; 1/6).

This is a clear, concise and closely reasoned presentation of the main economic arguments for and against free trade. The author's method is to take the current arguments in England for protection and, by analysing each one in turn to consider how far they upset the fundamental free trade case that imports are paid for by exports. He confines himself entirely to the economic field and admits freely that other considerations of sentiment, prestige, military power, or culture may properly be held to outweigh the economic considerations which are concerned only with the effects of a tariff upon the material wealth of a country. His conclusion is definite. 'The economist will be prepared to admit that under particular circumstances (which he can specify in some detail) the wealth of a country may be increased by a measure of protection. But he will insist that these circumstances are rare of occurrence and difficult of establishment, and that in any case they could not justify a general and permanent tariff policy. . . . It is fair to conclude that on the whole the economic arguments for free trade are overwhelming.' Someone should have stood at the entrance of the Chateau Laurier this summer and distributed copies of this pamphlet to everyone who entered.

F. H. U.

**THE CASE IS ALTERED**, by William Plomer (Hogarth Press; pp. 341; 7/6).

This is the sort of novel that will interest those whose romantic curiosity moves them to wondering about the life that goes on within the walls of shabby and apparently unexciting boarding houses, who gaze at apparently drab spinsters and murmur: 'I would never have believed it!' Here you have the wistful maiden lady who has come down in the world but who puts a prim, clean face on it; and the manservant who knows that she is a lady; and the faded widow who has arrived at the comforts of spiritualism after a life of devotion to an afflicted husband; and the unsatisfied wife whose husband 'looked the sort of man who would only be tender and caressing when cleaning his spectacles, and only eager when opening an umbrella or a newspaper', and who spent all his spare time trying to make a fortune out of newspaper competitions; and the Irish servant lad who did stretching exercises in the basement to get himself

into the police force; and the young Jewish landlady who had visions of luxury; and her husband, insane with jealousy, who cut her throat; above all, you have the commentator, the author himself in the character of a famous female traveller who looks on from the outside and makes shrewd, outrageous remarks on life, on No. 45 Cambodia Crescent, and the world in general.

Miss Haymer, author of *Beyond Baluchistan* and *Back to Bactria*, is, of course, the best thing in the book. A fantastic creature who supported 'like some caryatid, a large old-fashioned hat, decorated with a bird or two and some fruit, as in her heyday. . . . To look at her you would say that when she went to bed her toilet must be almost a dissolution; so carefully got up each morning, she must end the day by an equally careful disintegration, almost a dismemberment'. Through her, Mr. Plomer reveals not only his sense of character and the comic, but of contemporary life and the current problems which occupy him. She was a bit of a Bolshevik, a prophet full of scorn for mean, futile little Cambodia Crescent. 'Is life lived so fully and richly and dangerously in your street that a little display of feeling—emotion—guts—wouldn't come as a welcome change? Before we can get on to a world where a new culture can appear, we've got to have a gigantic spring cleaning'. She was looking for a brave, new world. 'Nice, useful ants and bees' would be better than the puny, abortive lodgers at No. 45 Cambodia Crescent.

Miss Haymer keeps the book going for, even if the novelist is writing them off, mean lives, full of false pride and envy and snobbery, squabbles and

indigestion, are not very entertaining. Mr. Plomer writes vividly but casually and chattily and does not always take time to fill out his characters, and he never quite reaches the high moment in either comedy or tragedy. As a Canadian not brought up on London Music Halls, it is probably my loss that I do not always see the comical side of sausages. But anybody must shudder at this sort of thing, describing Mrs. Fernandez, struggling upstairs with her throat cut: 'What an ascent! A martyred saint, a martyr to love, ascending to heaven in a robe of blood! Every footstep was as sharp as a blade . . . and purgatory would only end at the very door of heaven . . .'

R. H. A.

**THE CLOVEN HOOF**, by Taylor Croft (Denis Archer; pp. 176; 7/6).

The author of this 'study of contemporary London vices' disclaims any more knowledge of the subject than is available to any reasonably intelligent young man living in London. It is not intended as a professional sociological survey, it does not attempt to prove that London is any more wicked than any other big city, and offers no suggestions as to how conditions may be improved. Its aim is merely to draw the public attention to the fact that there is more vice in London than Englishmen sometimes think. Another aim is probably to sell widely.

I cannot say how exact the author's data are; they don't seem particularly exaggerated — I suppose an unprofessional reviewer is the right person to pass judgment on an unprofessional book. But if any Satanist made as



many mistakes in saying his prayers backward as there are in the example quoted—one word wrong in every three—he couldn't reasonably expect very good results.

The approach on the whole is rather self-consciously and perhaps a bit too optimistically 'younger generation', but it is a very creditable example of the attitude of the saner members of that generation. It is the expression of a morality based on what is perhaps the surest foundation—fastidiousness. The chapters on drug-taking and gambling are little more than anecdotal, the chapter on prostitution an unsentimental protest against the 'victim of cruel circumstance' legend, stressing the connection of this trade with such lucrative side-lines as black mail pocket-picking, trade in illicit liquor and drugs, etc. The chapters on unnatural vices very sensibly point out that there is a real and important difference between possessing unfortunate tendencies, and succumbing to and revelling and proselytising in them. 'It is not the fact that their vice is called unnatural that makes it revolting and abominable, but that their vice rules them, that they set themselves no limit of decency and ideal.'

The chapter on that outstanding English vice, drunkenness, is very sound too, especially the reminder that the most vulgar, most complacent sottishness is found in the upper and middle rather than the lower classes. The last chapter deals with the increasingly lax promiscuity that the author finds in all ranks of society. This seems to boil down to the charge that now the Non-conformist and Evangelical middle class is tending to be no better than anybody else in this respect. To judge by the general witness of English literature, that's certainty bad enough.

It is not very clear what the book is intended to accomplish: but it is of interest as exemplifying, one may hope, a reaction from the 'bright young thing' ideal towards a sane, generous, and self-respecting decency of personal conduct.

J. S.

O PROVIDENCE, by John Hampson (The Hogarth Press; pp. 394; 7/6).

This novel is much deeper, much richer than Hampson's first, *Saturday Night at the Greyhound*. It is written in the same simple, almost childish, style. Short sentences. Facts. Such as in this typical paragraph:—

The Stonetuns were happy. Circumstances were a little easier. Victor had had a slight increase in salary. With her fine voice Ally Stonetun

earned an occasional fee. She would continue to teach too. Justin's health was improving, an open-air life should do much for him. Things were better. Much better: they might, so easily, have been much worse.

Facts. Laid end to end, objectively, without poetry or palaver. Such a technique might result in a dull book, but Hampson chooses facts that are illuminating; a fact here and a fact there, and Justin Stonetun grows before the eyes of the reader, the Stonetun family comes to life, scores of characters, lovable or mean, but human, spring into being as the family, fallen in the world, moves from place to place and touches new lives.

O Providence is the story of a childhood, the childhood of the youngest, delicate, spoiled, yearning for affection but shrinking from the boisterous world into his own dreams: the artist to be. With skill and sympathy, not by mooning over him but by direct narration, laying down fact after fact, does the writer trace his infancy and his schooldays, the little joys and the agonies of the sensitive child. How carefully Nature prepares him to be the artist, by giving and withholding, by encouraging and hurting! But the book ends with the unfortunate world reaching for him. It is true, Justin is too young for the war. But 'The war had put an end to his thoughts of Art as a career. . . Justin would be the man of the family. . . The family teased him playfully, speaking of his passing boyhood. Soon he would be grown-up, a wage earner. . . There you have it. Justin was different from the others. He had promise, but the world snatched him. Should one be glad or sorry? Hampson leaves that to the reader. Justin is glad. But is the tomorrow he laughs about the tomorrow he really wants? Is he fit for the world? The book has no end.

R. H. A.

ROMAN BRITAIN, by R. G. Collingwood (Oxford University Press; pp. xi, 160; with 59 illustrations and map; \$1.75).

Mr. Collingwood has largely rewritten his manual on Roman Britain which appeared in 1923, because in the last nine years much new evidence has been discovered, adding fresh knowledge and in some instances modifying previous conclusions. He has given in an interesting way an amazing amount of information in a short space. He has avoided overloading the book with details—a difficult thing in archaeology—but he convincingly uses a few particular examples to illustrate his arguments, as in his discussion of the

Castor pottery as a type of native craft subjected to Roman influence. He describes the nature of Romano-British civilization and reminds us that modern analogies are often misleading in an estimate of the character of the Empire and its provinces. He has brought up to date the information regarding 'Hadrian's Wall.' Not long ago this age-long problem, with its factors of Wall, 'Vallum', Turf Wall, Forts, Mile-castles, etc., seemed to be nearing a solution. But now a broad foundation under a narrow wall has turned up to postpone it. The Wall is positively Protean in eluding its captors. They might exclaim: 'O wicked Wall, through whom I see no bliss, Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me'. Only to all students of Roman Britain it is the still unfinished pursuit that brings the bliss.

G. O. S.

WHAT IS BEAUTY? by E. F. Carritt (Oxford University Press; pp. 111; \$1.00).

This small book by the author of *The Theory of Beauty* (based on a series of broadcasts) is most thoroughly to be recommended to the novice in aesthetics. Like the larger book, but more simply and briefly it takes up in turn the various theories of aesthetic value from imitation of nature to formation, and points out their insufficiencies. Like the larger book, only with more insight and sureness of touch, I think,

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it adopts the view that the true meaning of beauty is the expression of human emotion. Nothing can be beautiful if it does not move us, and this is the basic fact which all other theories neglect or forget. Starting with an 'almost animal commotion' the artist finds some pattern of shapes or sounds which raises it from vagueness to the sharpest clarity—perhaps one should say transforms it from an animal commotion into a human emotion, a spiritual fact. 'If as we read' (or look, or listen) 'we are convinced that this is how a human being felt, we have poetic truth' and to do this 'we must recognize the feeling as one of which we ourselves are capable.' Rather, perhaps, we should recognize that it is something which we have long felt without knowing it; or which we always knew but could never express; emotional discoveries do contain this compound of surprise and inevitability. Mr. Carritt is right too, I believe, in stating that 'tranquillization' of the raw commotional state is necessary to its transformation, and in implying as I think he does, that this purgation or composure is brought about through the formal pattern of the work of art. He emphasizes the fact that formal pattern and feeling are correlatives, neither valuable without the other. 'Champions of pattern (and emotional content) are each trying to define beauty by one of its two elements. Mere feelings are not beautiful, mere arrangement of sound, shape and colour would not be so.' This is admirable criticism of both romantic and classicist excess. There must certainly be an agitation, but it must be dominated, 'tranquillized' through some clearly outlined pattern of shapes, sound or emotions before you have a work of art. There must certainly be composure, and calm, but it must be a calm which has triumphed over agitation.

I only regret the briefness of this book, and the consequent failure to enlarge the positive doctrine of beauty along these lines. Perhaps too, for the novice, it would be well to read immediately afterward some such book as Herbert Read's broadcast *The Meaning of Art*. Here he will find that the purely theoretical labour of Mr. Carritt's book bears its fruit, and that his conclusion is really the starting-point for a concrete historical revision of aesthetic evaluations through a study of the development of norms of feeling in art history. The divorce between pure aesthetic theory and history of art is a regrettable one which can only be obviated in some such way.

H. R. M.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

#### CANADIAN

A BROKEN JOURNEY, by Morley Callaghan (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 270; \$2.50).

THE CANADIAN CATALOGUE OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN CANADA, No. 10 (The Toronto Public Library; pp. 36).

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#### CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES

The Editor, *THE CANADIAN FORUM*,  
Sir:

Mr. Tom Moore states that revolutionary changes would mean chaos. Does that necessarily follow?

True, all bourgeois revolutions have been accompanied by violence and bloodshed, but so have some reform movements, the English Chartists' agitation for instance.

The English Reformation, beginning as a movement to free production and exchange from feudal fetters, flamed into the Cromwellian rebellion as a protest against arbitrary taxes. It resulted in a compromise, leaving the political power in the hands of the landed nobility, but giving the industrial classes more liberty for industrial expansion, an expansion which in the course of the next hundred years practically exterminated Shakespeare's proud yeoman, the backbone of the 'Ironsides.'

In France in 1774 and 1775 great insurrections broke out for the single, and in no way revolutionary, purpose of lowering the bread tax in order to stop the rise in the price of bread. The real French Revolution occurred in 1789 when the delegates of the Third Estate took the political power out of the hands of the King and landed nobility and placed it in the hands of the middle class.

The revolution was a transformation without the use of force.

The American Revolution, ostensibly a protest against arbitrary taxes which only affected the business classes, was in reality a movement to free American business from the restrictions imposed in the interests of British business. The imperial regulations were designed to prevent the manufacture in the colonies of nearly everything that could be manufactured in England and to reserve important commerce for English shipping.

These bourgeois revolutions, carried on in the name of liberty, achieved

freedom for business men, freedom to buy and sell anything and everything, including the commodity labor-power. But unfortunately they enthroned commodities as the real rulers of society. The bourgeois regime has its upper and lower classes, and the upper are able to boss and exploit the lower. But the capitalist class is not a real ruling class; it does not control the economic system which it owns and which it uses to exploit labor. When commodities get in a jam, the capitalist class not only disclaims responsibility but is impotent to do anything effective to break the jam. The products rule the producers. Even Mr. Bennett, though politically he appears as one of the great rulers in Israel, stood forth at the Empire Economic Conference as a representative of commodities, rather than of people.

How shall society emancipate itself from the rule of commodities and take over the conscious direction and control of its economic affairs except by a revolution of some sort? Again the forms and forces of production have outgrown the political and judicial relations, or what is the same thing, the property relations in which they have hitherto operated more or less effectively. From forms of development of the forces of production these relations have turned to fetters, and further progress demands that these fetters be removed; whether by peaceful or violent revolution will depend mainly on the attitude of the owning, but non-ruling, class. Man only takes up such problems as he can solve for the reason that he only becomes conscious of the existence of a problem when the material conditions for its solution have developed or are in process of development. The problem now is to effect changes in the relations of production which will prevent society, already suffering from serious disorders, being carried deeper and deeper into chaos.

If force has been a necessary mid-

wife of revolutions in the past it was because the rising class was not really conscious of what it was about. But the growth of social consciousness and the discipline of training in political democracy should make it possible to achieve the necessary changes now demanded by progress in a constitutional manner, with less disturbances than are caused by depressions.

Yours, etc.,

C. McKAY

Ottawa

#### THE WESTERN FARMER

The Editor, *THE CANADIAN FORUM*,  
Sir:

I am glad to know that your paper—influential as it is—is now on the side of political reform. My own position at present is such that it almost overwhelms me. I had to take charge of my farm—the tenant having thrown it up, preferring to go on relief rather than 'slave' here and have nothing at the end of the year. During the last four years I continually preached to the farmers' local organizations that the time was at hand when the farmer would be completely dispossessed of his holdings and have a position akin to the old time serfdom. Many are now recalling my words in the realization of what I predicted. I saw the time drawing nigh when we could not sell our products, when the government in 1925 decided to kill the British Preference through silly unwarranted restrictions. When the Tory Government assumed power in 1930 they carried on the same policy of getting rid of British competition in manufactured products. The result is complete stagnation for the farmer and labourer classes, and we are being reduced to complying with the dictates of capitalism by being brought under the control of debt-adjustment committees or commissions appointed by the provincial government which is too a capitalistic Tory puppet. The action of Canada at the Ottawa conference creates despair in Western Canada and the time cannot be far away when Confederation will be cleft assunder by the greed of capitalistic dictation. Nothing but complete freedom of exchange of our products for the goods we need to purchase will enable us to live in Western Canada and this is what the capitalists now in control of the House of Commons—more completely than ever—are determined we shall not have.

That the people are apathetic and indolently minded, politically, goes with-

out saying, but this does not relieve the present Cabinet—now in control in Canada—from the responsibility of administering the affairs of the land in equity.

They have allocated to themselves every privilege which the power of Parliament can give them and it is doubtful if the worst gangster methods employed in the United States are more unrighteous in the sight of God than the methods of those in control today at Ottawa used to accumulate wealth and consolidate themselves as the dictators of the Canadian working classes.

Farmers here are losing their hard earned savings in an endeavour to maintain ownership of their holdings, and a bitterness is being engendered which with the hunger and humiliation the wage earners are put to is only storing up trouble against the day of wrath which cannot long be delayed unless a vigorous campaign for righteousness in government is made effective at an early date.

Yours etc.,

Saskatoon, Sask.

JOHN EVANS

#### A NOTE OF CRITICISM

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.  
Sir:

Certain phrases in the editorial note 'Independence Papers' and the 'Notes on the Social Revolution' in your July number, and in 'The Futility of the Conference' in your August number, should not, I think, be allowed to pass without protest. If I had not been away for two months the protest would have come sooner.

In the note on 'Independence Papers' you describe Mr. J. S. Ewart as one of the few Canadians 'who have paid their fellow citizens the compliment of always appealing to their reason rather than to their passions.' To anyone who recalls Mr. Ewart's utterances on the notorious 'constitutional issue' of 1926 the only adequate comment on this is a series of exclamation marks prolonged to infinity.

Mr. Beder in his 'Notes on the Social Revolution' warns socialists against supporting unemployment insurance, on the ground that it would 'render permanently docile large numbers of men and implant in them a certain contentment with their lot.' This is of course a real danger, and a socialism which limits itself in practice to demanding 'social legislation' of this kind is futile as the experience of the British Labour party proves. But much the same argument applies to trade union

action; and as a matter of tactics, no socialist movement, however zealous for the social revolution, will get far if it divorces itself from the day-to-day struggle of the workers for better conditions this side of the revolution. The Communist party does not adopt Mr. Beder's attitude on this question.

Mr. Beder's paragraph on money is to me simply unintelligible. What on earth is the meaning of remarks like: 'Money is the index of the whole capitalist economy whereas under socialism it is simply a token. . . . Money is the faithful reflection of the capitalist system . . . and putting a money label on the whole business will not make the economic processes any clearer nor change the inherent defects of a profit system'? If they mean that monetary reform is no substitute for the social revolution, of course any socialist worthy of the name will agree at once. But to suggest, as Mr. Beder does in his last paragraph, that money doesn't matter a hoot, that in a socialist economy there will be no problems of monetary and banking policy, is to indulge in a comfortable delusion. In fact the naiveté of Mr. Beder's concluding sentence ('All that is necessary is to concentrate on the means of production, set up a means of control so that the populace can be put to work to supply its needs, and pay out money tokens to the people to buy back what they have produced') suggest that there are socialist as well as capitalist Babbitts.

Mr. Elyot's 'The Futility of the Conference' is so similar in style as to provoke in me the suspicion that he and Mr. Beder are the same person. What Mr. Beder has done for money, Mr. Elyot does for international trade.

(a) 'The ideal of free trade,' he observes, 'presupposes a fundamentally changed social order.' As, notably, in nineteenth century England.

(b) 'Preferential tariffs and quotas are actually a mild application of the principles of free trade.' Precisely. Just as capitalism is a mild application of the principles of Communism.

(c) 'Trade must be regarded as fulfilling twin purposes: (1) the conversion of commodity values in terms of goods into gold values in terms of money.' Admirably lucid phrases, and of obvious practical importance in a world most of which has abandoned the gold standard.

(d) 'Will the Conference regard trade as a means of building up greater gold reserves for one member at the inevitable expense of others via favourable trade balances?' What could be clearer? By this means, no doubt, South Africa will be able to

draw from the rest of the Empire the gold of which she stands so sorely in need.

(e) 'A fuller exchange of goods is impossible without first providing for greater consumption of those goods.' In other words, lower prices would have no effect whatever on consumption.

To understand the theory of money and the theory of international trade is not easy. I for one am grateful to Messrs. Beder and Elyot for the assurance that the possession of sufficiently radical social opinions will absolve me from further effort in that direction. I wish I had known it sooner. I hope you will be able to persuade these gifted writers to do me a like service in the matter of mathematical economics, of which I understand just about as much as they do of money and trade.

Yours, etc.,

Montreal

EUGENE FORSEY

#### THE ENGLISH IN INDIA

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,  
Sir:

A correspondent signing himself 'Veritas' from Detroit, writes in your issue for May:—'Great Britain conquered India and by dint of keeping the poor illiterate continuously poor and illiterate, they are able to keep wages down — thereby gathering in about one hundred and fifty millions sterling per annum of the worked for wealth of India, which is sent to London.'

I knew of the Indian Congress propaganda in America, but have not before come across so much concentrated error. For the sake of good feeling between our two countries it seems worth while to correct it.

We went to India to trade. But India was in disorder under warring kingdoms and banditry. For the sake of business we had to take control piece by piece, always checked by the Company in London. The land then fed one hundred millions of people or thereabouts. It now feeds three hundred and fifty one millions, and the population has increased by thirty two millions in the last decade. This shows an improvement in conditions, for Indian population has no check but poverty and starvation. The poor little girl mothers are apt to have a baby every year. The large holdings of 8 acres of our millions of irrigated ones soon become as congested as the old small holdings of 4 or 5 acres elsewhere. This, and not Government, is one prime cause of the terrible Indian poverty.

Another is Hinduism. To kill a cow or calf is forbidden. How can farming go on? Breeding is ill regulated. The Sacred Brahmin bulls swarm everywhere. A cow gives one fifth of the milk of an English cow. I could count the ribs of every cow I saw in India grazing hopelessly over the brown earth in the dry season. Nor may they kill rats which devour in India, it is said, more than the whole cost of the army. Brahminism is the foe of any change for the better in farming. It discourages the government's efforts to improve seeds and stock and pumps. Its costly religious weddings cost a couple of years' income. This brings me to the third cause of poverty. The peasant is ready to borrow his daughter's wedding costs from the local Indian moneylender. He may charge 75% per annum. The debt can never be repaid in too many cases, and mounts up till the moneylender takes the land and employs the peasant as labourer. The Government has, with great difficulty, induced the peasants to start cooperative banks, of which there are now some three hundred thousand, but these are not enough.

The way a government causes poverty is normally by taxation. The Indian taxation is among the lightest in the world. It is \$1.75 per annum, with 50 cents more for land tax or rent. Poor as the people are, this is only 6% of their income. In England we pay 33% in taxes and rates. Now for the one hundred and fifty millions slashing annual payment extorted. Not a penny goes by way of tribute, or to the benefit of the home revenues. The annual 'drain' is actually twenty five millions. Of this ten millions is interest on payments, earned like other interest. The rest is payment for army stores, pensions, and home remittances of English officials. It is part of the cost of a cheap and efficient government. *Per contra* the large costs of English and American missions enter India.

The illiteracy is due to the great difficulties attending vernacular education. The peasants do not want it; they want the children to work at home. It would have to be compulsory, and that is both expensive and hard to effect. The young men who have been trained at Calcutta University will not teach in the villages. They all want to enter the Government services or practise law. No young woman is safe alone in a village in the current state of morality. There are about two hundred and twenty languages and seventy scripts in India. School books have to

be translated. But schools are struggling up slowly. The Government has spent all its money on secondary and college education in English. There was a demand for it, and Lord Macaulay hoped that the few thus educated would educate the masses.

But they won't. As our reward we have the unemployed intellectuals who are the economic background of the Congress agitation, and who have inspired 'Veritas' and other Americans.

Yours etc.,

Cambridge, Eng. JOHN W. GRAHAM



#### FERBER; LONSDALE; AND THE MAD MARXES

WHEN a Hollywood movie takes up the cudgels for creativeness as opposed to shekel-snaring, the result usually resembles the half comic, half revolting spectacle of a stout manufacturer of tinted wall-mottos disgorging an impassioned plea for 'Art for Art's sake.' In the case of *So Big*, however, so faithful are both adaptors (J. Grubb Alexander and Robert Lord) and director (William A. Wellman) to the spirit of Miss Ferber's novel that the 'message' underlies the characterization; it is inherently evident, rather than spasmodically blatant.

The twin tenets of Selina Peake's faith are 'Turnips are beautiful!' and 'How big is my son? So big!' Which, somewhat stuffily elaborated, might emerge thus: 'There is beauty in everything: you must know how to look for it. You can create beauty from anything: it is up to you what clay you choose, and how beautiful it becomes.' Selina's own creations are an asparagus so choice that it is a thing of beauty; and her son Dirk. The climax of the story comes when Dirk, intrigued from the present ploughing of architecture into the immediate reaping of finance, seems lost to Selina, who can only hope—a forlorn hope—that he may in some way make money creative. By a chance, Dirk is intrigued back again into creating, through the agency of a young artist, whose clear unaffected scorn of the pretentious and the crassly material burns holes in the shoddy covering of false pride with which Dirk has sought to mask the emptiness of his present occupation. And quietly, without any of the lachrymose fireworks of which Hollywood is so fond, Dirk is won back to his mother's path. Selina's son is 'so big' after all.

There are two really great performances in this film. Barbara Stanwyck's Selina is strong, warm, and lovely; and

Bette Davis' characterization of the artist is sharp and true, pungent yet exquisite. The old farmer and his wife are excellently played, but their son, while his pantomime is good, is inclined to recite his lines. Dickie Moore as the tiny Dirk is perfect: his calm yawn in the face of the grandmotherly cleric, and his 'Good-bye, Mabel' bow are unforgettable. The only important flaw in the film is the casting as the older Dirk of a stolid young man whom one could not possibly envisage as happy outside a stock exchange.

*Women Who Play* has the great advantage of being a play (*Spring Cleaning*) by Frederick Lonsdale, whose gift for constant surprise both in situation and dialogue is almost unflagging. The adaptor and Arthur Rossen the director have made no attempt at translating it into cinema, but it emerges as a well photographed and not stilted play. Mary Newcomb and Barry Jones give brilliant performances, and George Barraud is most capable, but the very difficult role of the wife shows up the ordinary calibre of Benita Hume. The film is an excellent entertainment, despite the fact that the sound recording is very faulty, inexcusably so at this date.

Having caught *The Mouthpiece* somewhat late, I should like to urge you to make a special effort to see it. Based on an actual life, it is the career of a shyster lawyer working hand-in-glove with the underworld, who finally, in a moment of what would seem to his confrères sentimental folly, betrays one of them into a deserved conviction, saving an innocent lad from jail. He gets a trio of bullets through the heart, and that scene is a marvel of contrived effectiveness. Warren William gives a really fine portrayal of the lawyer; the girl from Kentucky is charmingly herself; and Aline McMahon, who was the secretary in *Five Star Final*, plays precisely the same role with that mixture of cynicism



and femininity which she has so richly at her command. The direction by James Flood and Elliott Nugent is swift, vigorous and blessedly free from mawkishness.

It is a great pity that Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor should have to play in talkies. In the silent *Seventh Heaven* Farrell especially gave a delightful and memorable characterization, and under the inspired hand of the late F. W. Murnau, Miss Gaynor did a beautiful piece of work in *Sunrise*. But when she speaks—well, she is not quite Stephen Crane's 'Blonde with a tin can in her gullet' but that permanent pucker in her voice does suggest an oesophagus lined with chokecherries. Farrell, vocal, becomes merely a leading-man with a certain likeable naturalness. The real acting in *The First Year* is done by a young negress named Leila Bennett, who is certainly my choice of all the Bennett girls. The lines are good, but William K. Howard's direction is most disappointing. No, you won't miss much.

Well, it is indeed a pleasure to see and hear the Marxes in a really first-rate lunacy again! *Horse Feathers* is several times as good as *Monkey Business*, though Harpo lacks the opportunity of the Punch and Judy show, and Groucho has no line quite so good as 'This little woman has promised to become the mother of her children!' The book is by Sid Perelman and Kalmar and Ruby, who have done a satisfactory job, but there are no sustained passages of idiocy like the auction scene or the description of the trip to Africa in Morrie Ryskind's scenarios for their first two films. Alexander Bakshy, in the *Nation*, thinks it a pity that the specific burlesquing of college life begun so beautifully in the song-and-dance opening with the chorus of bearded cap-and-gowned profs was not followed up more exclusively. Certainly that idea still awaits elaboration, but it probably seemed too formal for the Marxes, who love to leap haphazard from crag to crag of impossibility. . . . I wonder if you have read the review in the *New York Times*, and have been annoyed, as I was, by Mordaunt Hall's heavily self-conscious and pedantic appreciation of the Marx madness, which appreciation he proves as usual by citing a selection of the least quotable of their gags. . . . My own favourites are 'I thought it was illegal to sell football-players in a speakeasy!' and 'That's the last time I'll jump out of a window without my rubbers!' and—blessed vitriol to all baby-talkers!—'Was that you or the duck?' and 'This

is the first time I've been out in a canoe since the American Tragedy,' and of course Chico's lovely Jackie Cooper smile as he says 'When ya gonna cut the watermelon?'

It is with deep regret that I pronounce the latest movie of my favourite Buster Keaton not worth seeing. It is based on a *Saturday Evening Post* story which is quite up to the syncretical standards of that cadaverous journal, and almost the only good gag is when Buster is stranded in a hamlet. He approaches a yokel, and this conversation ensues. 'Is there another train for New York to-night?' 'Wal, ther's one at nine o'clock . . . but th' trouble is, it don't stop here.' 'Well, is there a vehicle of any kind?' 'Wal no, ther ain't . . . but ther's a bus that makes th' hotel . . . but th' trouble is, it don't run no longer.' 'Well, how far is it to the town?' 'Wal, it's about two an' a half miles, as th' crow flies . . . but th' trouble is —' —'There's no crow.'

I enjoyed *Bring 'Em Back Alive* because of a sadistic thrill I get from just watching a tiger's face—there is nothing so completely cruel in the world. But Mr. Buck's frequent apparitions came to a ludicrous head when he appeared while a cage was being built, apparently exactly like half-a-dozen previously fashioned, and announced portentously, 'Bit by bit I personally supervised the construction of this cage!' As for the apparently well-authenticated story of the crocodile's jaws' being wired shut on the python, and the latter being wired round the crocodile—well, if it's true it is pretty sickening. I don't know.

If you go to see *White Zombie* expecting to see pictured the Haiti of Seabrook's *Magic Island* you won't stay long. There is no relation, save the use of the zombie legend, between it and this tedious pseudo-voodoo rehash of *Dracula*. The only really macabre touch occurs when Lugosi is sitting at the table with his latest victim, and explaining how fortunate the latter is in being the first wretch to actually realize and feel his transformation. As for the zombies (only one of whom, by the way, wore a genuine zombbrero) they look for all the world as though the Senate Chamber had yawned and given up half-a-dozen of its living dead. Lugosi's performance is good, though a trifle too evidently studied; Joseph Cawthorn and the male victim are excellent; but the hero is an almost incredible addition to our Wooden Indians Club, and Madge Bellamy is normally so cadaverous that the transformation in her

case has to be accepted on faith. The musical accompaniment, however, authentic Haitian or not, is very, very effective.

Ontario's own Major Boylan and his posse of hypersensitive zombies have been holding an unusually successful axe-fest, resulting in the elimination of the word 'hell' from *Merrily We Go To Hell*, which became *Jerry and Joan* (and was irreverently referred to by a U.S. visitor as *Jack and Jill*) and from *Guilty as Hell*, which is now, brilliantly, *Guilty as Charged*. But, Major Boylan, wouldn't *Guilty as Anything* have been even more absurd?

One Mike Butler of Taft, California, writes to *Picture Play* magazine to protest against the plethora of pointed allusions to Jean Harlow's bosom-histrionics. His last paragraph reads, in part: 'But I do say that she deserves good-girl roles. Look into her lovely eyes. Nothing vampish or gold-diggerish in them. They are full of gentleness, sincerity and goodness. The same is true of Clara Bow.'

Jean Harlow as *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* . . . ?

PAUL GARDNER

#### MICKEY MOUSE VERSUS ARISTOPHANES' FROGS

THERE is this question of comedy. It really needs no introduction—Aristophanes you know—Shakespeare—Rabelais and Rostand—Shaw and St. John Ervine—the Marx Brothers and Charlie Chase and Mickey Mouse. Comedy we have always with us. Its exponents are legion—and the greatest of these is Mickey Mouse!

New York discovered *Lysistrata* not long ago. Toronto allows—with our own ears have we heard it!—that a good dose of Shakespeare is good for one now and then, adores King Barry Jones alike in *The Apple Cart* and *The Queen's Husband*, and delights, from the exalted regions of the top balcony, in *The First Mrs. Fraser*. It is surmised that some acoustic advantage of an empty 'pit' has come to the notice of the ever-zealous management, or that the companies like to utilize the back rows as a vocal 'practice-board.' But the real Horse Feather in the cap of the enlightened citizen of Toronto is that he may leap from his bed to greet the new day with the inspiring realization that it is simply 'chock full' of golden opportunities to see Mickey Mouse:—

So here hath been dawning another blue day.  
Think! wilt thou let it slip useless away?

It seems strange to recall that Mickey and the rest of the 'Silly Symphonic' tribe, though they show signs of going on to the end of time, were not existent at the beginning of it, having come into being, indeed, since the inauguration of sound pictures. Supplanting Felix the Cat, with their greater variety and scope, they inherited the Felicity of offering something a little different from the usual mélange of practical jokes, banana peel, open manholes, treacherous doors, and the inevitable custard pie, and in this respect deserved their astounding popularity. As an occasional feature or even as a limited series, they might well have been excellent, for even their appalling longevity and omnipresence do not prevent an occasional spark of originality. One of fairly recent issue commenced rather delightfully with lively, neatly-turned antics with a large umbrella, to the tune of 'It Aint Gonna Rain No More,' rendered—wonder of wonders!—with quite tolerable tone and harmony. The return to normalcy came rapidly, however, in a jumble of stupidity, ugly activity, a babel of sounds, each more jarring and raucous than the one before, and the whole box of stale tricks, actually ending in a general immersion in the sticky icing of a birthday cake. Heaven grant us patience and the ability to arrive just in time for the featured film!

The device of investing animals with human capabilities and characteristics is of ancient date and most honourable record in humorous and satiric literature and its possibilities for the stage, despite obvious difficulties of production, are instanced contemporarily in Rostand's amazingly effective and thoroughly delightful *Chantecler*. Surely, however, this is a field peculiarly suited to the talking screen, and one offering almost endless possibilities both for comedy of the riotous and obvious sort, which need not be interfered with by the injection of a little intelligence, originality, and judicious restraint, and for a new screen genre, a sophisticated treatment of the comedy of manners or of character. If Mickey Mouse and similar crude and blaring farces should prove the first step towards the achievement of a new and distinguished phase of cinema art, their existence would be gloriously justified. The figures in the present productions already possess a certain characterful roguery of execution, worthy of better things than the relapse into custard pie.

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# "SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

what should emerge — what could emerge?—but the stock short comedy, the 'Educational' picture which apparently accepts as sound educational psychology the value to man of a profound conviction of the utter futility and asininity of his whole species. There is a portrayal of futility, attained most often by Charlie Chaplin, which invokes a sincere and salutary pathos and enters into the realm of true artistry, but its achievement is rare indeed and failing that the effect is merely disgusting. We hear of the profound reserves of passive endurance in human nature but surely, some sweet day the worm will turn. The next time you get let in for this sort of thing, shut your eyes and, if possible, your ears, and imagine one glorious, gigantic, international crusade against the creators of comedies — a crusade armed not with swords and guns but with booby traps, fire hose and flour barrels, cans of paint and—the words must be spoken once more but whisper them, low and fiercely and with fiendish glee—countless—colossal—custard pies!

Having thus thoroughly obliterated one side of the picture, however, we must confess that there is another. Though so tremendous a share of the burden of appeal in the lighter of screen-featured productions has rested on the love-interest, there has been a proportion of genuine reliance on comedy of a more restrained type, making its appeal to the mind rather than storming the sources of laughter by shock and violence. The comedy of manners, of character or of the ironic or delicately ludicrous in situation has had its place—and its ups and downs. A few—a very few—productions have gone down to glorious defeat through

attempting a degree of subtlety beyond the range of the available material or directorial capacity, but for the most part the failures have been caused by the opposite fault of blunt or stereotyped technique, maddening over-stress of humorous situation and general 'laying it on with a trowel.' One element of humour which is terribly overworked is the portrayal of intoxication. It is an 'easy laugh,' of course, but only too seldom is it artistically valid. The two happiest examples which come to mind—flashes of genuine inspiration supported by beautiful technique—are, a certain passage with reference to 'gullet washers,' the ultimate in cocktails, in that comparatively little known picture of Ruth Chatterton's which is probably her best, *A Lady of Scandal*, and Jack Hulbert's gloriously mad performance as the orchestra leader in *Sunshine Susie*. Other films which I should like to suggest as examples of the realization of something of the possibilities of the comic are, Constance Talmadge's *Her Sister from Paris*, back in the days of the silent drama, Cyril Maude's *Grumpy*, *Private Lives*, and *Million Dollar Legs*. I do not suggest that such as these represent the best that can be done. Cinema comedy today is in a rut and that before it has fairly started on its journey. Bold action is the need of the hour and to this end it would repay our producers to study the achievements of the masters of comedy on the stage. Is the idea so ludicrous? If the cinema is an art at all it should aim at the highest. 'Aristophanes is not to be revived,' says George Meredith, 'but if his method were studied . . . we might be revived.'



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